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Good News from Moscow

THE ACHIEVEMENTS of the Moscow Conference of the Big Three provide substantial reason for a rebirth of hope in the world. The meeting at the Spiridonovka Palace which seemed almost a despairing last resort has established once again that the United States, Russia and Great Britain can find common ground to concert their interests in behalf of the superior interests of world peace.

The Moscow Conference was convened because there was no other alternative to the catastrophe toward which the world was drifting in Big Three disunity. There had to be a restoration of this unity on the immediate pressing political issues to permit the great powers to provide leadership in the transition from war to peace. There had to be agreement to arrest the world atomic-energy race. And there had to be settlements to give the United Nations Organization a fair chance to avoid still-birth at London.

When Mr. Byrnes left for Moscow he privately was willing to consider himself successful if he could achieve one of those three objectives for use as a lever for ultimate achievement of the others. Now, it appears, he has achieved, in substantial degree, all three. The achievements represent a Christmas gift to the world which may be long remembered.

In its four principal divisions, the agreement of Spiridonovka Palace provides the minimum essentials for continued unity in action of the great nations on which the hope of humanity for peace must immediately rest. Of paramount importance at this threshold of an atomic age, this permits the United States, Great Britain and Russia to act jointly with China and France in presenting to UNO a recommendation for control of atomic energy which, in its unity, may have the salutary effect of applying the brakes to the world atomic-armaments race. And, in making Russia a joint underwriter of the effectuating sections of the Washington atomic agreement, the Moscow settlement terminates the de-facto Western atomic bloc which had confronted the Soviet as an inevitable result of the American-British-Canadian declaration on nuclear power.

Whatever clamor may arise over the great-power proposal for making the world atomic-energy commission responsible to the World Security Council rather than the UNO Assembly should be offset by the beneficial effects of unifying the control efforts of the nations whose superior resources make them the explosive element in any global atomic-energy equation. President Truman's predilection for placing the commission under the Assembly notwithstanding, there never was any substantial reason for supposing that control of the new atomic forces could be vested anywhere but in the Council, where the security of all nations must be safeguarded.

With the suspicions engendered by the atomic discoveries resolved in some degree by mutual understanding, Messrs. Byrnes, Molotov and Bevin then were able to find a basis for procedural concert on the political issues obscuring the greater nuclear problem: the mode of settlement of peace treaties for the Balkans, for Italy and for Finland; the problem of

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occupation control in Japan and the future of Korea; and the declaration for a unified and democratic China.

Mr. Byrnes was walking on difficult ground in his negotiations on the Japanese control problem, and the compromise that emerges from Moscow makes it clear how difficult that ground was. The Secretary of State had to find a course between his recognition that the Soviet must be brought into full partnership with this country in the Far East, and the overwhelming pressure of the Russophobic congressional groups which were ready to tear apart any agreement which might seem to circumscribe in the slightest the powers of their idol, General MacArthur. The final agreement, however, seems to provide machinery whereby the Soviet and the United States can meet as equals on the ground where American and Russian interests meet face to face; yet it still leaves MacArthur with superior powers and the "reserve" of decisive authority on immediate problems which is necessary for effective functioning of a truly Allied occupation.

The agreement on the Allied Council for Japan and the Far Eastern Commission is so loosely drafted, however, that it seems certain that the next meeting of the Big Three, projected by Mr. Byrnes for March, will not come any too soon to resolve fundamental conflicts inside an Allied command in Japan. If the agreement is to be considered as providing a Russo-American *modus vivendi* in Japan and the Far East, it is capable of being termed a long stride forward; if it is considered on the merits of the mechanisms it provides, it leaves much to be desired. When the machinery is put into motion under stress by such personalities as MacArthur, the Russian military men and nervous representatives from Australia and New Zealand, serious difficulties may ensue.

These difficulties of mechanics do not apply with equal force to the agreement on China. Fortified by previous declarations of intentions from the Kremlin, Mr. Byrnes went to Moscow hopeful that the directive he and President Truman had issued to General Marshall for Chinese unification might be subscribed to by the Foreign Ministers of Russia and Great Britain. He apparently was successful in achieving just that, and the three-power declaration for a unified and democratic China, a truce in the civil war, and broadening of Chiang's government should finally lay the ghosts which Major General Patrick Hurley paraded before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

The important element in the Chinese understanding—as in the understandings on Rumania and Bulgaria—is in the firm declaration of intent to put practical meaning into the objective of broadening the democratic base of government. The obstructions and circumventions encountered in carrying out the Yalta pledges of democracy for the Balkans have long provided ammunition for the anti-British and anti-Russian blocs of Congress, while this country looked the other way during Chiang's operation of a one-party system as violent as any ever charged to Moscow. The world will now look—hopefully and critically—at the next moves not only in China but in Rumania and Bulgaria for evidence that the powers are providing deeds to back their words in pursuit of democracy.

It is a healthy thing that world forums are now provided where the nations can, and will, evaluate the effectiveness with which the great powers are making good these promises. The peace conference "not later than May 1" specified in the Moscow agreement will furnish a sounding board before which the Big Three and the Big Five will be on trial before world opinion as voiced by the fifteen other nations in attendance. The January 10 meeting of the Assembly of UNO provides an even more resounding theatre for application of world opinion to the deeds of the great powers.

The convening of the Assembly will be the first signal that the period of transition between war and peace is running out and that the permanent machinery provided by the San Francisco Conference is beginning to function. But in the immediate future, if that permanent machinery is to be given a fair chance to operate, emergency transitional agreements such as that of Spiridonovka are essential. The important thing is that the bridges that Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Molotov burned behind them at London are now repaired and the three great powers are operating again in unity.

GM Throws Down the Gauntlet

The General Motors Corporation has now flung down the gauntlet to its striking workers, to President Truman and to the American public. Its spokesmen have walked out of the hearings before the President's fact-finding commission, rather than discuss the profits of the company, even though the facts thus elicited would be kept from the union and from the press. In its official statement, General Motors insists that profits must have no relation to wages and that otherwise the American system of free competitive industry is in peril. Possibly the spokesmen for GM are sincere in what they say; but sincere or hypocritical, they are wrong. America long ago abandoned the doctrine that labor should be employed at the lowest possible rate and that profits should be made as large as possible, by whatever practices the businessman chooses to employ. The General Motors theory, if universally practised by industry, would guarantee another disastrous depression in short order. The union is 100-percent right in saying that only if wages are kept high can general prosperity be maintained. The facts about General Motors cited by George Soule in his article in this issue lend strong support to the union's contention that General Motors can very well afford to restore the 30-percent wage cut it inaugurated when working hours were reduced from 48 to 40, and can do so without increasing the present working week.

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The company may be able to starve out the union; the present tax law will give General Motors, out of the federal Treasury, almost as much profit for staying idle as for making automobiles. But it is our judgment that the company is losing the battle for public opinion. Its argument that the strikers want GM to pay high wages while permitting Ford, Chrysler and other competitors to pay lower ones is too absurd to stand inspection. Whatever the outcome of the immediate strike, the UAW has presented a historic issue to the country, and has opened a historic battle which can and must only end in ultimate victory for the workers—which is to say, for the whole people of the United States.

Full Employment

The new House majority whip, Representative John Sparkman (D, Ala.), has stated that the question of keeping the House Democratic after the next election depends largely on the success the Administration has in putting its legislative program through in this coming session. "We shall write our record as a party right on the floor of the House," Sparkman said. "If we pass a constructive program, the voters will return us to power."

It was apparently with this same idea in mind that President Truman belatedly spoke out again on the full-employment issue. He has asked the conference committee of the two Houses to bring in, as its proposal for compromise, the version of the original bill which was passed by the Senate. Although it is only a weak imitation of the original Murray-Patman bill, the Senate full-employment bill is much superior to the version which was passed by the House. It would be of some use for job planning until more adequate legislation could be enacted. Both Senate Majority Leader Barkley and Representative Sparkman are firm in their denials that the Administration program is already lost. President Truman, by his call for the Senate bill as the way out on full-employment legislation, is putting their leadership to the test, perhaps sooner than they like.

Preparing for Franco's Exit

When it was first announced in Paris that the French government had asked Great Britain and the United States to confer about Franco Spain, both London and Washington denied that anything of the sort was in the wind. Now, however, they both admit that such a conference is to take place, although the British Labor government, trying to sound as much like its Tory predecessor as possible, adds that it has no thought of trying to unseat the bloody-handed fascist who is Spain's dictator. We hope the second disclaimer from London proves as false as the first. Interference in the internal affairs of any country is always a delicate business; people often resent outside meddling, even when directed against a regime they do not like. In the case of Spain, however, this is not the situation. There is plenty of evidence that the Spanish people are sick and tired of Franco, who is kept in power only by the combined efforts of the British Foreign Office, the American State Department and the Vatican. We don't need to unseat Franco; if we will just stop shoring him up, he will drop like the ripe tomato which he is.

Bretton Woods and After

It is good news that a sufficient number of ratifications of Bretton Woods came through in time to make sure that the plan will go into effect. Certainly, the Bretton Woods scheme is not perfect, and particularly from the standpoint of the British, who are gambling far more than are the Americans; but it is immeasurably superior to the alternative by which the world will be confronted if it should fail—an alternative of economic nationalism, trade barriers, import and export quotas, blocked currencies and, necessarily, a lowered standard of living in all countries affected by international trade, which means practically the whole world. The next step is the international economic conference which is to meet this spring to supplement and implement the Bretton Woods agreement and is in many ways more important even than the agreement itself. The countries which have lately shown heightened ability to coöperate in the political sphere should now be able to extend that coöperation to the equally important area of joint economic action for their common welfare.

The President Says No

President Truman acted boldly and wisely in vetoing the big war-appropriations-renewal bill in order to prevent the hasty return of the United States Employment Service to the individual states. Mr. Truman recommended to Congress back in September that it extend the operation of the USES until June 30, 1947, to carry it through the difficult reconversion period. Despite this, states'-righters, spurred on by the State Employment Commissioners' lobby, succeeded in attaching a rider to the important bill which would have dissolved the USES in 100 days. President Truman accompanied his "pocket veto" of the measure with a sharp "memorandum of disapproval" addressed to Congress. He pointed out that this action on the employment service would "immeasurably retard our reëmployment program" at the very time that all employment offices would be carrying the "peak work load in their history," just when they were "most vitally needed by veterans, workers and employers."

When Congress reconvenes it will be asked to pass upon certain much needed proposals for remodeling and improving the public-employment-service system. Until those reforms have been made and there is assurance that an adequate service will be available in all states, the present system must be continued as is.

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Why No Houses?

TAKING a half-hearted and wavering step in the right direction, the Administration has announced a system which it says will channel about half the supply of critical building materials into houses costing $10,000 or less, or renting for no more than $80 a month. The regulation will be administered by the Federal Housing Administration, whose field offices will examine a builder's plans and hand out the priority ratings. Veterans will have first choice, with the new houses offered exclusively to them for thirty days after completion.

Veterans, however, are not likely to find here the solution to their housing problem. Any number of objections whistle, like draughts, through the plan and show it up for a feeble makeshift. In the first place, with 50 percent of materials going into commercial buildings, including night clubs, beer joints and beauty parlors, the other 50 percent will not seem a very generous slice to the four million house-hunting servicemen, or the three million additional families slated to be doubled up within a year. It is, of course, a larger slice than they have had until now: though a minor building boom got under way on V-J day, less than one-third of the construction was going into houses at any price in December. It was reported that of a million dollars' worth of new construction in Lansing, Michigan, three $6,000 homes were going up.

But even as a step ahead, a half-and-half basis for materials that are in extremely short supply does not appear at this time even mildly effective or economically sound. In a field where a barroom, with the same priority as a hospital and with prospects of unlimited profits ahead, will bid as high for materials as it must to get them, a black market is sure to flourish. And with unrated materials selling above ceiling, the rest are not likely to stand firm at legal prices. For this kind of black market, furthermore, no agency is at present a match. The OPA, with too few investigators, cannot halt the extensive overcharges already under way on Southern pine. The Civilian Production Administration, with little enforcement spirit inherited from its predecessor, the WPB, and with most of its field offices closing, cannot guarantee that the issuance of a priority rating one week will result in a delivery of cast-iron soil pipe the next.

In the second place, $10,000 is too high for veterans, only one-fifth of whom, as recent War Department surveys show, can afford more than $50 a month for rent or carrying charges. Despite the abundant proof that what this country needs is a good $5,000 house and that, left to its own devices, the building industry will not provide it, there is nothing in the order to ensure that all construction won't be bunched around the top price. Government officials estimate that less than a quarter of the 400,000 homes expected will cost $6,000 or under.

In the third place, any clear-cut insistence on quality specifications has been left out. It is a serious omission. Though the regulation says that the FHA will satisfy itself as to the relation between a builder's proposed plans and his proposed price, that agency, under Raymond Foley, has so far shown little inclination to do a really thorough appraisal job. Unless there are changes —and there is still time for them—this lack of standards can make the entire proposal meaningless: the $10,000 house that is not worth it may well end up in the class with the "chicken in every pot."

Finally, the set-up contains no effective guarantees of compliance by the builder. A leaking roof or a caved-in wall ought to afford the consumer some right of action, perhaps through a system similar to the OPA's treble-damage provisions. And in this case, as a matter of fact, the system would probably work more efficiently than during the war, when it was hardly worth while to get in bad with the grocer because of the two-cent overcharge on a pound of peas or the extra penny on grapefruit or oranges.

Going to work just as this regulation was promulgated, Wilson Wyatt, new Housing Expediter in the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion, may be pardoned some uneasiness about his job. Wyatt comes with a fine record as Mayor of Louisville—both as an administrator in general and a housing spokesman in particular: the Louisville city-planning project was one of the earliest and has proved to be one of the best in the country. He will be quite a change after Hugh Potter, Snyder's former adviser, who helped him decide last October that regulation L-41 could be thrown overboard. But Wyatt, though he can assist in recruiting manpower and solving some of the wage-price problems that are holding up production of lumber, bricks, tile and pipe, cannot hope to get more than 400,000 homes in 1946—if, indeed, that many do appear. Nor is he likely to "expedite" much firmness into John Snyder, whose judgments have so far only made matters worse.

As for other housing action, we need, first, the Wagner-Ellender-Taft bill, to get into motion the long-term slum-clearance projects halted by the war, and to encourage private construction of low-cost housing. Second, we need the Patman bill, to set ceilings on the sale price of homes. Prospects for this measure, now before the House Banking and Currency Committee, have improved and are expected to look still brighter after the recess, with representatives back from the cities in which vacancy rates on rented dwellings are down practically to zero. A bill to stop speculation on our most needed commodity ought to seem more desirable after members of Congress have heard from constituents living in cellars and attics and in-law's guest rooms.

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And action is needed, of course, on the whole building industry itself, which for years has held out for slow and expensive and inefficient methods, resisting the mass-production techniques that are the basis for most of our other industries. Action is needed on the labor codes which—largely because of the insecurity of work in this whole field—prohibit one motion when three can do as well; it is needed on the local codes which frown at substitute materials and new ideas; it is needed on the blueprints which satisfy the needs and follow the developments of the 1880's.

Against this background, the Administration looks more than ever mistaken on its new proposal, as if once again on housing it had been sold a bill of goods. It is a sale that will soon be regretted; the noise from constituents this year can be a roar by next, when the cellars and attics are still occupied. Any way you look at it—socially, politically or economically—bold measures are needed to get housing built fast and cheap and with all the materials that can be made available.

Send Them to Palestine

VIOLENCE has broken out again in Palestine. Because of terroristic acts just before the New Year, a number of people are dead or injured. As these lines are written, it is too early to tell whether this is an isolated incident, like others which have preceded it, or the beginnng of a serious revolt. But in any case, the fundamental situation, and its relation to the whole Jewish problem, are not altered.

How many Jews have been killed by the Nazis in Europe, and how many still remain alive, is not yet definitely known. In Germany, the number still living has gone down from 200,000 to 4,000; in Austria, from 150,000 to 3,000. General estimates are that in Europe as a whole at least five million were either murdered outright or deliberately allowed to die from starvation and exposure. There are 150,000 now in the care of the Allied Military Government in Germany as Displaced Persons, most of them from Poland, Rumania and other parts of Eastern Europe.

As matters stand, the future of the surviving European Jews is dark in the extreme. During the war, we told ourselves comfortably that Nazi propaganda had little effect in the occupied countries; but at least as far as anti-Semitism is concerned, this turns out not to be true. Antagonism to the Jews already existed in nearly all these countries to a greater or less extent; and the incessant attacks by the Nazis, day in and day out for years, on the radio, in the press, in motion pictures and by word of mouth, seem to have been successful to a disconcerting degree. In Germany itself, the mind of almost the whole population has been poisoned so completely that changing it may need a generation.

Moreover, the economic situation of many of the surviving Jews is extremely bad. During the Nazi occupation, Jewish-owned business concerns were sold, or given, to Nazi supporters; a Jewish lawyer or doctor who was forced to flee the country of course lost his practice; and in many cases, the process of destruction begun by anti-Semitic government action was completed by bombs or shells from Allied planes and guns. It is no wonder that, confronted by such conditions, Jews in Central Europe are today committing suicide in proportions far above normal.

This situation is directly connected with the question of Palestine. No other country, including the United States, is prepared to admit Jewish refugees in numbers at all consonant with the size of the problem. President Truman has directed that the United States Government facilitate the entrance of European immigrants up to the limitations of the quota system, but at most, this would mean only 39,000 per year, from the whole area where the problem is serious, and the President says that all races and creeds shall be equably represented among the refugees, who are to be, in the main, orphan children.

The United States and Great Britain have appointed a joint committee of inquiry to investigate the Palestine question, which will go to work within the next few weeks. This is certainly a definite gain, even though most such committees are only a device for procrastination, and it is hard to see what important facts this one could develop which are not already known. But the position of the Jews in Europe is too serious to permit the present situation to continue while the committee takes testimony in the field and then writes its report, probably a matter of a number of months.

Information from Palestine is to the effect that all legal immigration of Jews has now been suspended by the British, on the ground that they cannot permit any more without the consent of the Arabs—which, of course, will not be forthcoming at this time, especially if the Arabs are aware that the British are indifferent or opposed to such consent. On the other hand, if the Arabs knew that the British, in the immediate emergency, insisted on returning to Jewish immigration at the rate of, say, 8,000 per month, they would not be likely to risk any serious opposition. That number probably represents the maximum for whom travel and relocation arrangements could readily be made; it is small in relation to the European problem; it could not possibly make any substantial difference in the general Jewish-Arabian relationship in Palestine within the length of time required for a permanent solution of the problem—assuming that Great Britain and the United States are now sincere in their expressed desire to reach a solution.

At the moment, the British Labor Cabinet is acting at complete variance with the publicly expressed policy

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of the British Labor Party. It is at variance with the strongly felt wishes of many of the Labor Party backbenchers in the House of Commons. Its attitude should be reconsidered, and at once.

Stop Shooting the Javanese

BY THE END OF DECEMBER there were accumulating signs of dissatisfaction with what is happening in Java. The American State Department, it is now revealed, has asked the Dutch and the Indonesians to resume negotiations looking toward a peaceful settlement of the dispute there. The British, also, are clearly unhappy about the moral position in which they are presented to the world; the British government recently announced that it was reviewing the previous decision that had been made about using British troops in putting down the "revolt." As we go to press, the British and Dutch Premiers are scheduled to meet in London to discuss the problem.

A dispatch from Amsterdam says that Dr. Hubertus J. van Mook, acting Governor General of the Netherland East Indies, is in favor of recognizing the Indonesian Nationalist government, but is opposed by some members of the cabinet and of the Dutch Parliament. There had been previous reports that among Dutch officials in the Netherlands, most of the younger men, and those who had recently been in Java, were sympathetic to the demands of the Indonesians, which were opposed by the older officials, who are less well in touch with the whole situation.

A party of foreign journalists has just toured Java under the auspices of the Indonesians, and makes an interesting report. The journalists say that the people seem to be unanimously behind their native leaders; that the rebels are well armed and disciplined, and are obviously capable of keeping order and of disarming the remaining Japanese troops in Java (whose presence had been used as an excuse for sending in the British troops). This touring party found little hostility to white men in general, or to the Dutch in particular, and no sign whatever that the revolt was being turned into a holy war of the Moslems. Its members say that the Javanese are earnestly asking for an inquiry into the whole situation by an American or Allied commission.

The more one hears about the situation in Java, the more outrageous does the present policy of using military force against the Javanese appear to be. Lest Americans should feel too complacent about their own relationship to what is happening, we might point out that the British troops in Java are acting under the Allied high command for Southeast Asia, of which the United States is a part; and that this country has at least $150 million invested in Indonesian tin, oil, rubber, sugar, cinchona and other products. The fact that it is British troops who are being used to carry out the Potsdam decision—which was, roughly speaking, that at the end of the war all colonies should be returned to their original owners intact—is only a detail.

But the harm that is being done is no detail. The burning of villages, the shooting of the natives, are engendering a bitterness that will continue for generations, and ought to. It is nonsense, as the tour of the foreign journalists has demonstrated, to say that the British troops are there only to restore and maintain order. The Javanese are perfectly capable of maintaining order if they are given the chance. The order the Allies are seeking to preserve is that of the Dutch, who are not willing to give the Indonesians the degree of political autonomy to which they feel entitled. The letter of Imam Pamoedjo in the *New Republic* of December 31 summarizes the case of the Indonesians against the Dutch. It is charged that the standard of living fell markedly in the fifteen years before the war; that there has been little freedom of speech for Indonesians; that they are not being prepared for any increase in self-government; that the expenditures on health, education and other items of welfare are scandalously low; that the wealth of the region has been exploited by the Dutch for their own interest and against that of the native population.

That Allied soldiers started shooting the Indonesians was an incredible, disgraceful blunder, which should be rectified at the earliest possible moment. This is clearly the sort of situation with which UNO ought to deal; but if UNO cannot be mobilized quickly enough, let the great powers act on their own. A truce should be arranged at once—that the Javanese would accept it, goes without saying—while an international committee of inquiry visits the scene, takes evidence, and makes recommendations. By the time it had finished its work, UNO should be prepared to enter the picture. Every additional life lost in Java is one more permanent stain on the collective conscience of mankind.

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Profits by the Billion

A Report on War Prosperity

by George Soule

War profits—after deduction of war taxes—have been the greatest in history. The government virtually guaranteed contractors against loss by paying for their investments in war equipment. Now business is guaranteed against loss in resuming civilian production. By congressional enactment, the Treasury must pay back excess-profits taxes to businesses which in 1946 suffer certain reductions in income. The United States Government will thus actually finance employers in fighting unions, or while they themselves strike against producing all they can, if they should for any reason follow this policy.

Profits, by common consent, are the heart of the "private-enterprise system." What are the facts regarding them? How big were war profits? What was done with them? What is the financial position of business now that peace has come? Can higher wages be paid? Can business finance full production and full employment? Can it survive a depression? Are profits, as many corporations say, nobody's business but their own, or are they of public concern? Answers to such questions, accompanied by facts and figures, are contained in the series of articles of which this is the first.
—THE EDITORS

THE UNITED STATES Department of Commerce estimates that the profits of all corporations in the United States, after deduction of taxes (including excess-profits taxes), were $8.5 billion in 1941, $8.7 billion in 1942, $9.8 billion in 1943 and $9.9 in 1944. In 1944 they were more than twice as large as in 1939, the last year in which World War II did not affect profits, and were $3 billion higher than in 1929, the greatest year of business boom hitherto experienced in this country. These estimates, say the government statisticians, may be too low, since they are based on the records of the larger concerns, and it is believed that the smaller ones made even greater advances.

Profits naturally increased more in the war industries than in those devoted mainly to products used in peace, but the difference is not striking. While the output of some articles was reduced, few lines of business failed to find substitutes. Civilians consumed, in the aggregate, more than ever before, and the government ordered nearly every type of product.

Forty-seven iron and steel corporations made net profits, after taxes, of $146 million in 1939, $325 million in 1941, and $194 million in 1944.

Fifteen automobile companies made $223 million in 1939, $274 in 1941 and $222 in 1944.

Forty-nine companies manufacturing foods, beverages and tobacco made $151 million in 1939, $159 million in 1941 and $175 million in 1944.

Railroads profited hugely, their net income after taxes rising from $93 million in 1939 to $902 million in 1942 and $668 million in 1944. It is therefore obvious that the profits did not come merely from munitions.

On the basis of reports by 629 industrial companies, the Federal Reserve Board records a further rise in profits for the first half of 1945. They made $981 million in this period against $910 in the same months of 1944. Railroads also registered a gain.

Bear in mind that these figures include only what was left for the owners of the corporations after the payment of all interest on bonds and other obligations, and after the federal, state and local governments had all levied their taxes. The profits for all corporations *before* income and excess-profits taxes (at a maximum rate of 85.5 percent) were in 1944 much more than twice as large as those here recorded, or about $25 billion. This is an indication of the astronomical sums American business could make, at war levels of costs and prices, with full production, and without war taxes. Since neither selling prices nor costs rose drastically, and were kept fairly well in step with each other, it shows the enormous importance to the national income (including business profits) of a market demand sufficient to call forth all that can be made.

WHAT WAS DONE WITH THE PROFITS

The extra profits made by corporations were not, for the most part, distributed to their stockholders. Dividend policy was conservative. In 1944, for instance, $4.5 billion was paid to stockholders, or somewhat less than in the banner year of 1941, while $5.4 billion was added to corporate surplus. The companies devoted their additional earnings mainly, not to increasing the current purchasing power of their owners, but to strengthening their position. The dividends paid to preferred and common shareholders by 152 large cor-

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porations in 1939 were $654 million, or about 77 percent of their net profits; the rest, or $193 million, was left in the business. During the succeeding five years of war these same corporations paid about 68 percent of their profits in dividends, or an average of $671 million per year. They salted away profits at the rate of nearly $1 billion a year, and came out of the war period with a total addition to surplus of $4,925 million.

It is probable that smaller concerns held back an even larger percentage. In the case of railroads, dividends were, in the aggregate, larger than net income in 1939, $126 million against $93 million. (This strange result appears because in obtaining the aggregate income, the losses of those roads which had deficits are deducted.) But in the war years, the railroads, although their dividends rose above $200 million, paid out less than one-quarter of their net earnings.

All this gain is that which appears on public records, after everything which could be charged to expenses was deducted. Among these deductible items are great additions to plant and equipment or improvements in them met out of current income, depreciation of machinery bought by the company for war purposes, at a rate which writes it off in five years—though in many cases it may then still have productive value—large salaries and bonuses to executives, huge amounts spent for advertising on the ground that it might build up a "good-will" asset, large expenses for technical development of postwar products and methods. Special reserves were set aside for contingencies.

A Few Examples

Though corporation reports do not reveal all the essential facts, it may be interesting to see what can be learned from a few of the more prominent.

General Motors. – This great company has had during the war years a net income after taxes ranging between $150 million in 1943 and $202 million in 1942. On the whole, excess-profits taxes have kept its net about down to prewar years. But if, in 1946, it should have as large a business as in 1944, without change in costs or prices, the repeal of excess-profits taxes would leave it with between $260 million and $300 million, or about one-third more than before the war.

Since 1940 the corporate surplus of this company has been enlarged out of earnings, rising from $471 million to $645 million, a gain of $174 million, after payment of dividends. In addition, it has built up special reserves called "Provision for Contingencies," to which was contributed—and charged to expense—$17 million in 1940, $18 million in 1941, $26 million in 1942 and $36 million in 1943. Later figures are unavailable. This money is on hand for reconversion expenses and the like. All investments in enemy and enemy-controlled countries—and they were considerable—were written off in 1941, before profits were reckoned. Renegotiation of charges to the government, resulting in deductions, is accounted for in these figures.

The annual charge for depreciation and amortization in General Motors has risen from $43 million in 1939 to $64 million in 1944. This increase might be expected, in view of its much larger plant and equipment in the later year. There is an additional charge for depreciation of special facilities acquired for war production, all of which the company will have free and clear, if it wants them, five years after their purchase. The point of these figures is that the company has reckoned its profits only after paying out of its war earnings on the instalment plan, as it were, for a lot of new equipment. Aside from the special war machinery, it pays for the rest in ten or twelve equal annual instalments.

General Motors' total sales nearly tripled between 1939 and 1943. In the same period its expenses for maintenance and repairs have grown steadily, from $69 million to $309 million in 1943—the last year of which there is record. The fact that maintenance and repairs have risen four and a half times, or half again as rapidly as sales, may be a reflection of expensive war readjustments in production, but it seems to be at least an indication that all such expenses were carefully counted in before figuring profits and that the plant is in good condition for future work.

In the list of the fifteen men in the country receiving the highest remuneration for their services, GM executives account for six. Its head, Charles E. Wilson, is second on the list, with an annual reward of $459,041. The six men together received, in one year, $2,054,086. This includes merely salary and bonuses, not income from investments. Ormond E. Hunt was paid $359,519; Albert Bradley, $350,432; John Thomas Smith, $306,310; Donaldson Brown, $306,310; and Charles F. Kettering, $306,117.

In spite of its huge spending, General Motors had, at the end of 1944, $169 million in cash and $428 million in government securities. All of this is available on short notice to pay bills, interest or dividends, even if losses should be incurred in current transactions. For instance, the company could shut down for perhaps three or four years and yet would have enough liquid assets to remunerate its stockholders at the usual rate during that time, disregarding any future rebates of taxes.

United States Steel. – This company, which has about 35 percent of the ingot capacity of the country, had an income before taxes which rose from $65 million in 1939 to $272 million in 1941 and $261 in 1942. Subsequent years showed a decline, the income being $155 million in 1944. In the latter year, however, it had no excess-profits tax to pay.

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In addition to paying dividends, U. S. Steel has built up its earned surplus from $263 million in 1939 to $377 at the end of of 1944—a gain of $114 million.

The growth of its productive resources is indicated by the fact that its annual charge for depreciation, depletion, etc., has risen from $61 million in 1929 to $81 million in 1944. In addition, it charged off for emergency amortization on special war facilities $10 million in 1941, $32 million in 1942, $44 million in 1943 and $57 million in 1944. The enlargement of its plant and investment in this period has been paid for out of war sales. The extent of this gain, in physical terms, may be indicated by the fact that in 1940, a year of nearly capacity output, it turned out 15,014,000 tons of rolled and finished steel products, and in 1944, produced 21,052,000 tons.

If one should assume that volume would continue at capacity in 1946 and neither costs nor prices would differ from 1944, this company would net, after federal income taxes, about 75 percent more than in 1939. The amount might be even larger because of a probable decrease in the charges for depreciation and amortization arising from war expansion.

This company is also a large holder of cash and government bonds.

Aluminum Company of America.—Alcoa's operating income increased from $53 million in 1939 to $185 million in 1943 and $153 million in 1944. Income and excess-profits taxes kept the net income down to about 1939 level—the average for the four years 1941-1944 being $37.25 million against $37 million in 1939. During this period its charges for depletion, depreciation and amortization, reckoned as an expense before arriving at profits, increased from $6 million to $55 million. The corporate surplus rose from $51 million in 1939 to $163 million at the end of 1944.

This company follows the usual pattern. It has not increased dividend distributions during the war, but is potentially immensely more wealthy after it, because of its enlarged plant and financial resources, paid for out of war sales. If its business should shrink to pre-war size, its owners would be about as well off as they were in 1939. If volume should be maintained at war levels, their gains would be enormous. Such gains might, of course, have to be shared with workers and consumers.

General Electric produces about one-quarter of the country's electrical equipment and also has a large capacity for plastics, besides receiving income from its investments in public utilities. Its profits rose from $51 million in 1939 to $253 million in 1943 and $195 million in 1944. Taxes, however, kept the amount available for distribution down to an average of about $50 million for the four years 1941-44 against $41 million in 1939. Excess-profits taxes alone were $185 million in 1943, and $150 million was set aside in 1944 for federal income and excess-profits taxes.

After payment of dividends, GE's corporate surplus was increased out of profits from $124 million in 1939 to $172 million in 1944. In the same period the charge for depreciation and amortization grew from $10 million to $28 million. The growth in GE profits is a striking example of the results of swollen volume of operations: net sales more than quadrupled between 1939 and 1944, rising from $304 million to $1,353 million. If the company could retain this volume after the war, without any decrease in costs or increase in prices, the repeal of excess-profits taxes alone would leave its net profits at between $150 million and $200 million, or three to five times the 1939 figure.

E. I. duPont de Nemours and Company makes a wide variety of chemicals and synthetic materials, besides having a 23-percent interest in General Motors. Its net operating income grew from $67 million in 1939 to $160 million in 1944. Income from General Motors dropped, however, from $35 million in 1939 to an average of about $27 million for the war years. This cut, combined with income taxes and excess-profits taxes of $70 million and upward a year, brought its remaining profits down to an average of a mere $75 million for 1941-44, against $93 million in 1939.

DuPont increased its corporate surplus out of profits from $256 million in 1939 to $366 million in 1944. Charges for depreciation and obsolescence appear to have been ample, having grown from $19 million in 1939 to $34 million in 1944. At the end of that year it held $146 million in cash, besides having an enlarged capacity. Despite the drop in profits after taxes, it was therefore scarcely impoverished by the war.

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Waiting for the New Year

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Now that excess-profits taxes are repealed, a continuation of the war level of sales, without any change in costs and prices, would yield duPont about $150 million profit, or a gain of about 66 2/3 percent over 1939.

Where Is the Money?

We have seen that the extra war profits did not go principally to stockholders. In accounting terms, they were put down on the books as additions to surplus. Large expenditures for new plant and equipment were made in part out of this surplus, but mainly were charged to expense. This means that the government paid for them in the prices it was charged.

A substantial share of the money received by business during the war was not spent by its recipients. It has turned up in enlarged bank deposits, currency holdings and ownership of government securities. Non-financial business—that is, manufacturing, trade, public utilities, etc.—had $37.1 billion of bank deposits in July, 1945—an increase of 82 percent over December, 1941. They undoubtedly held a large share of the $26.2 billion of currency in circulation, which had expanded $16.6 billion since 1941. Corporations and associations, other than banks and insurance companies, owned $30 billion of government bonds on September 30, 1945, as opposed to $4.3 billion at the end of 1941. Thus we may roughly estimate that war receipts amounting to $52.4 billion are now held in cash or its equivalent—$16.7 billion in deposits, $10 billion in currency, $25.7 billion in government bonds.

This huge amount of liquid assets in the hands of business executives is a matter of first importance. What will they do with it? If they spend it for production it will have one effect. If they distribute it to owners, without enlarging production, it will have another. The critical power that goes with possession of this huge pile of money, and of the productive capacity created during the war, is the real significance of the war profits. Nobody has yet benefited from this money. Who, if anybody, will benefit from it, and how, is what all the postwar warfare is about.

For a statement of the contents of the second article in this series, please see the advertisement on page 2 of this issue. – THE EDITORS

"They Must Be Awfully Bitter"

by Ralph G. Martin

The man stuck his head into the classroom and said that he was sorry to interrupt again but the photographer wanted three more students for another picture in the Sloan Room. The teacher stared at him, then shrugged his shoulders and wearily motioned to several students near the door. Two of them picked up their crutches and slowly maneuvered themselves out of the room. The third got to his feet and walked out stiff-legged, the wood bumping against the floor, making a lot of noise.

"Why do they have to take all these pictures anyway?" a student whispered loudly. "Just to show that some more people without legs are going to school. Why don't they leave us alone?"

An older man with a heavy sweater, sitting next to him, just smirked and said in a low, bitter voice, "Jeezus fella, they've got to take pictures. They want to show us looking happy so that the public will know how wonderful America is treating its disabled war heroes."

Some of the men in the nearby seats listened and snickered. When class was over, they all went outside for a smoke and some of the men were still talking about the pictures.

"Why do they always take all the pictures in that fancy upholstered Sloan Room?" one of them asked. "Sometimes they ought to take a few in our dumpy little classroom. People ought to see how badly it needs a paint job and some good lighting."

Somebody then remembered how a photographer posed some amputees dancing at a hospital party. "They danced just long enough for the photographer to take his shot and then they hurried back on their crutches. But the photographer wasn't interested in that; he'd got his phony picture."

The ten minutes were up and the men tossed their cigarette butts into the slushy snow and filed back into class. Their teacher was waiting for them. He was a young, serious-faced naval officer who was teaching them Veteran Counseling. Their project that day, he said, was to have two students act out a practice interview. One student was to be the counselor and the other a maladjusted veteran.

Quickly the two men took their places on the platform in front of the class. A few of the students started ribbing the actors, but the ribbing stopped immediately as soon as the acting-maladjusted veteran said, "I think I've been ill advised. They sent me here to the American University to learn how to become Veteran's Counselor. Now I'm not sure I want to be one."

The room was hushed when the acting-counselor asked him why he felt that way.

"Well, they've got all these men who come and tell us that we'll never make much money and how

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we'll have to work 18 hours a day. Well, this is a tough course. We're learning a year's work in 12 weeks and we hardly get enough money allowance to live on. I got a wife, and at least when I graduate I want to make a decent living. And I don't want to work 18 hours a day; I want to work only eight."

Spontaneously the whole classroom of 35 students started clapping. A few even thumped on the floor with their crutches and one student was excitedly banging his wooden hand on the side of his chair. Their applause stopped only when they heard acting-counselor ask something else. He was asking why this veteran came to the American University in the first place.

"Nobody told me all these things before I got here," said the veteran. "But anyway I came because I'm disabled and I wanted to help out other disabled veterans."

"So he came to the disabled American University," somebody said loudly in the rear of the room. The whole class again broke into a roar and the young teacher nervously tried to get them back into order again.

The students were still in a high flush of excitement when they went to their English class, a half-hour later. As soon as they sat down, though, their excitement seemed to fade quickly. There was no horseplay here. Dr. Don Wolfe was one of their favorite teachers; they had raised a stink when the school had tried to transfer him to another section.

Wolfe was telling them how continually amazed he was at the quality of their writing and that he was going to read from some of their themes.

He read in a sensitive voice, as if everything he read had happened to him.

"They belonged, and I was an outsider," he began from one theme. "How I ached for home. I walked the streets with that throbbing ache inside of me. How I hated anybody who had security. . . ."

There was no applause, no comment. The class was quiet.

The next excerpt was about a soldier who lost his right hand, telling in painful detail how he learned how to tie his pajama strings and his shoelaces and how he shaved himself and how long it took him to learn how to write left-handed so he could write a love letter himself, instead of dictating it to the Red Cross girl.

Following that, there was a series of combat stories, one of which ended with, "And nobody knows any other human being well enough to call him a coward. . . ."

Dr. Wolfe was still sitting at his desk after the whole class had left for lunch. He kept thumbing through the pile of themes. "I've got the whole war right here on my desk," he said. "They've scraped their souls and poured themselves out, things they probably never told anybody before."

He fumbled through the papers again and picked out a paper entitled, "A Tough Battle: A New Life," by Irving Peltz. "This man lost an arm and a leg and an eye at Anzio," he said.

On the bottom of page five, there was this:

"I wanted to prove to myself and to everyone else that even though I was disabled, I could still do anything that anyone else could. My biggest obstacle was people. Yes, I said people! They practically broke down everything that I was trying to accomplish. I'd walk down the street and almost everybody would stop and stare. On the train, bus or trolley, it was always the same. In restaurants, they'd look up from their food. Damn them all! Can't they leave a wounded veteran alone? Haven't they got any sense? Don't they realize they make me feel like a freak? Why the hell can't they mind their own business?"

There was little noise or movement in the big room where the seven congressmen had been sitting for days, listening to a long line of witnesses tell what they knew about artificial limbs. It was the Labor Subcommittee on Aid to Physically Handicapped. Peltz was on the witness stand:

"I got the limb," he was saying, "and it was terrific. It was like a two-ton truck. It kept irritating my stump, kept holding me back from getting well. As for the arm, it's of no use. The only reason I wear it is because it balances me in walking because I have a leg off, too. Nine out of ten amputees don't wear it at all. And the glass eye they gave me wasn't even a good fit. We've known about the need for better artificial limbs since World War I, but it seems to me that nobody has considered it important enough to do anything about it."

"Here's a couple more," said Dr. Wolfe. "They're both by a boy named John Regan. He lost his leg at Normandy." Somewhere in the middle it said:

"My leg is torn to shreds from my knee to my hip. A bone sticks through this mess, pointing upward; I try to push it down but the pain is too great. I notice a colorless fluid flowing out; it reminds me of chicken broth. There is also an aroma coming from the wound, like that of a freshly roasted piece of beef. I try to stop the blood but without success. I become aware of the intense pain now. I am sweating and I am awfully thirsty. I start to rave out loud. . . . Oh God help us. . . . Our Father who art in Heaven. . . . Oh please, God, help. . . ."

Regan's second theme was shorter. It started:

"As I look around the room in this third-rate boarding house, there alongside the bureau is this *thing* . . . a leather cup, straps and buckles dropping from it. Below this cup, the flesh-colored thing and calf and on its foot a brown sock and an ox-blood shoe. I've called this wooden leg a lot of things. . . . Oh what the hell, a leg isn't everything. You've got to keep on living. . . ."

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As soon as Representative Kelly introduced him, Regan showed the committee just how his leg worked with all the belts and straps. He told them how tough it was to sit down, that it was outmoded 100-percent because it was the same leg that amputees got 25 years ago. Then he told how it weighed 13 pounds and he never wore it any more because it was too heavy. "It seems I wear it under the same strain as if I were running with two legs," he said.

"I realize I have a very bad amputation," he continued. "I realize that I am very lucky to be alive, but I feel that something should be done to make these legs lighter. All I ask for is a limb I can get around on comfortably. If the government and private companies can build a B-29, surely they can do this job. Remember there are 16,000 amputees coming out of this war. . . ."

Representative Kelly thanked Regan and all the others for coming and a veteran named Robert Rogers jumped up and said, "We thank you for listening. Most people are scared to listen and say 'Jesus Christ, let the Army look after you.' Of course they do nothing about it," he said. "We certainly thank you for listening."

"The American public ought to know about these things," said Wolfe, packing his papers into a folder. "Maybe I'll put them into a book some time."

Outside the small red buildings, the sidewalk was dangerously icy. Some of the students were slowly crossing the slushy street but most of them were still eating in the small luncheonette.

Several of the men were talking about a story in the newspapers telling how the government had indicted 45 manufacturing firms of artificial limbs for agreeing on "identical and non-competitive prices" forcing amputees to pay several hundred dollars for a limb. The story also mentioned that the government had decided to spend a million dollars a year for prosthetic research.

A short, chunky man said it was about time, but that he wouldn't believe it until it really happened. Another student said that's the way it was, that nobody ever got anything unless he yelled for it. He mentioned the grievance committee they had formed to get heat for their cold classrooms and to get the books that the Veterans' Administration had paid for long ago. They had also bitched about the constant changing of teachers. Like the one teacher who had wandered in slightly bewildered. He told the class that he had just received this assignment the day before and what would they like him to teach them.

"I wish somebody would get up and yell about the allowance they give us and ask how we're supposed to live on it. If some of those fat congressmen would come and take a look at the rathole my wife and I live in and if they tried eating here in Washington on 90 cents a day—maybe then they'd get busy and do something," he said.

A tall man with one arm just laughed. "What the hell do you expect?" he asked. "V-J Day was a long time ago and the people don't want to hear anything more about the war. As for cripples, nobody likes to hear about cripples. It bothers people."

There was a long pause and nobody seemed to know what to say after that so they started getting up, paid their checks and walked out.

The cashier watched them leave and shook his head. "They don't kid around much any more," he said. "I've seen five classes so far and it's always been the same thing. When they first come here, they're all excited about the lucky break and they're always tripping each other with their wooden legs and then busting out laughing. I remember once they told me about this one guy who fell asleep at a party and the guys got all the girls to write their names and telephone numbers in lipstick on his wooden leg. When he woke up and saw it, he wiped it off and then later he was sorry about it because he wanted a date."

He rearranged the chewing gum. "But that doesn't last long," he said. "They get nervous after a while and they don't laugh much. It takes three months sometimes before they get their first check and some of them go around half-starved all the time."

A customer walked up, paid his check, picked up a toothpick and left. The cashier was still thinking. "I've been wondering," he said slowly. "They must be awful bitter about the world."

Parents of a Boy Killed in the War

Who had never gone on a journey
But sat knowingly in one place on the doorstep
of undesire
Who had never followed the conflagrations
of the seasons
But made of their long and uneventful year
A small and steady fire
Now suddenly depart, taking into their hands
Brown parcels of memory, go walking over
alien sands
And under mountains and across foreign
uninhabited lands
Save for the shape and shadow of a boy
Accosting the daylight from a place of time
More subterranean than his own vain effort of earth.
Now following like footprints the last cadence,
the lost sound
Of his voice, they go, never stopping
never breaking ground
Seeking to solve his silence and the dilemma
of his white forehead
Whose self they will never recall
In their infinite journey to a photograph
smiling incredibly on the wall.

HARRIET GEVIRTZ

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Eyewitness in Poland

by Irving Brant

AN AMERICAN visiting Poland finds strange ideas prevailing about the U. S. A. Ours is a wonderland of limitless wealth and power where nobody is poor and nothing ever goes wrong. The American government need but wave a wand to make everything right in any other part of the world. The prevailing vision is of a country of limitless resources and boundless wisdom devoting itself to works of peace for the benefit of mankind. But there are also some Poles who think of us in terms of atomic bombs dropped on targets of our choosing.

Returning to the United States, one finds equally fantastic notions prevailing about Poland. A government and a people who are striving desperately to surmount an economic crisis caused by Hitler's scorched-earth policy are looked at as if they had shut flesh-and-blood realities out of their lives and were making abstract moves on a chessboard of alien ideologies. The most nationalistic country in the world is believed to be making itself an international pawn.

American fantasy regarding Poland rises to its height where Soviet Russia is concerned. The presence of Russian troops on Polish soil, as inescapable as that of American troops in France, is looked upon as a permanent military occupation. Polish coöperation with the Soviets, made compulsory by geography, is treated as vassalage. The pro-Sovietism of left-wing elements in the Polish government is magnified into a stooge relationship which ignores Poland's well-being.

I have actually heard the question asked in Washington, in quarters which suggest that the doubt reaches high in our government, "Does Poland really want credits for herself or to pass along to Russia?" For answer, look at the ruins of Warsaw, Breslau and Danzig. Look at the hundreds of farm wagons, creeping to foodless Silesia with potatoes because rail transport is destroyed. Look at the pinch-shouldered children of Poland, 60 percent of whom are suffering from glandular tuberculosis. Look at the families living in unheated cellars, wrapped in woolen rags which are clothing by day and bedding by night. Then try to ask that question and it will stick in the throat.

To some extent this misconception is a natural result of the part Russia played in setting up the strongly leftist Polish government and of the fact that no government, radical or conservative, will adopt policies likely to alienate Russian friendship. To a greater extent, correction has been prevented by certain doubts and distorting influences: (1) uncertainty as to Soviet Russia's general foreign policy; (2) Poland's isolation from the West; (3) the false propaganda of the Polish London émigrés; (4) acceptance of garbled facts and fallacious interpretations by a few American newspaper correspondents in Poland who believe they are engaged in objective reporting.

I HAVE JUST READ the dispatches of Gladwin Hill to the New York *Times*, cabled from Berlin after a trip around Poland and a brief stay in Warsaw. Nobody should question Mr. Hill's sincerity. It is possible for an American visitor in Poland to write such articles and believe that he is writing the truth; but to do so, he must surely enter the country with a preconceived feeling of hostility to the Polish government and an obsession against Soviet Russia. He must accept without investigation what he is told by similarly prejudiced persons in Poland. He must draw conclusions which take no account of the impact of the war upon either Poland or Russia, or the distinction between the policies of the Russian government and the bad conduct of Russian soldiers. The tendency to do this is increased by the foolish refusal of pro-Soviet Polish ministers to admit that Russian conduct often is bad—so bad indeed that hundreds of Russian officers and men have been put to death for it.

If one ignores the fact that Russian armies have no home-based food-supply system and must live off any country they pass through (a fact which enabled them to pursue and defeat the German armies), it is easy to charge Russia with looting Poland of food supplies. If one holds the Russian government responsible for robbery and rapine by soldiers released from the discipline of battle, and by a hundred thousand military stragglers and deserters, it is possible to make the record look dark indeed. If one forgets that ten million Russians—soldiers, war prisoners and slave laborers—had to be transported across Poland after the fighting ended, and that Russia still has an army of occupation in Germany, it becomes possible to ask why Russian troops are in the country and to visualize their presence as menacing to independence.

One can, as Mr. Hill did, accept the assertion of anti-Russian Poles that hundreds of thousands of Russian troops are in the country and are staying there. Or one can make successive trips along the Russian route of march, observe the diminishing number of Red

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Irving Brant has just returned to the United States from an extended stay in Warsaw. For many years a St. Louis newspaperman, he has written several books in the fields of American history and politics, of which the most recent is Road to Peace and Freedom.

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Army troops and trucks, learn from Poles of the large-scale release of Russian billets, and find conclusive evidence of a steady and rapid withdrawal.

ALARMING STORIES are heard in Poland—and sent out of there—about the number of persons arrested on suspicion of being unfriendly to the Polish government or to Russia. The more you hear of this the more convincing it becomes, until a thought pops up. How comes it that so many people who tell these stories are going about their business, free and unmolested? One moderately right-wing Pole offered, with a warning that the government never must learn of it, to arrange a secret interview with a like-minded friend. The friend criticized the government more vigorously than the first man had done and gave me permission to quote him on everything he said.

There is danger, undoubtedly, in the effort made in Poland to draw a line between vigorous, lawful criticism and subversive propaganda. There is danger also in the presence of several thousand armed fascists in Poland, acting under the orders of a Polish general (Anders) in the British army—fascists who within the past few months have assassinated more than a thousand labor and political leaders, Jews and Russian soldiers, murdered every man, woman and child in a village (Wierzchowiny) of three hundred population, conducted anti-Jewish pogroms and are now trying by political propaganda to lay the groundwork for the revolution they have failed to bring about by force of arms.

Some of the stories fed to American correspondents in Poland are complete inventions or inexcusable distortions. For example, Mr. Hill's report that the Oswiecim concentration camp has been reopened for Polish political prisoners, when in reality the Red Army is using a few barracks for German war prisoners and Ukrainians of the "Vlasov army" and the Polish section is open and empty. Sometimes, however, distortion results from things that are true but are torn out of perspective.

One of my newspaper friends, a perfectly honest and well intentioned United Press correspondent, came back to Warsaw from southern Poland with two reports, both factually accurate. One was an account of a gun battle (in which nobody was hit) between Polish railway guards and Russian soldiers who had broken the seals of some French Red Cross food cars near the Czechoslovak border and stolen all the food. The recital sounded like the beginning of the Third World War. An hour later an American GI was telling me with huge gusto how he and his buddies looted American Army truckloads of fancy food in Germany, while their officers stood around saying, "Now, boys, don't do that," and later asked for a share of the loot. The difference? The Russians are more primitive, and hungrier.

The other story was an unexplained account of Russian troops moving west instead of east across Poland, and of railroad yards in Silesia filled with new Russian tanks and 50-caliber machine guns, also westward bound. The unstated, sinister implication was that Russia was secretly organizing an aggressive force in Germany. I saw these same tanks and guns in Silesia and asked a Rusian regional commander some roundabout questions. What was being done about the release of Red Army veterans in Germany? They were going home, and newly raised regiments were going west to replace them. What was being done to keep them abreast of advances in military science? The latest equipment would be at hand for the completion of their training. The most that the incident could mean, and that was uncertain, was that Russian infantry might be shifting to larger-caliber machine guns.

It is more difficult to understand the state of mind of the Associated Press correspondent in Warsaw who wrote, in a feature story on the government-owned Polonia hotel, that unreliable electric service forced a resort to candles at dusk every day, and that the installation of a left-wing political management was followed by four days without water or lights. Where would the story have been if the AP had explained that every afternoon at dusk, diplomatic attachés and newspaper correspondents turned on electric heaters in such numbers that they blew out all the fuses in the hotel? Was it because of the shift to alleged left-wing management, or in ideological protest against it, that a water pipe burst next day and shortcircuited and burned out the electric cables? It seems more likely that agents of the Russian Czar, faultily installing the water system some years before the Russian Revolution and Polish independence, carefully timed the bursting to embarrass the new management of the hotel.

I DEPARTED for a two-months stay in Poland expecting to find a left-wing government busily engaged in establishing the semi-socialized state to which it is committed by all political leaders from communistic President Bierut (who has influence but no power) to the conservative peasant leader, Vice Premier Mikolajczyk. Instead, I found this program subordinated to the primitive necessity of feeding a nation threatened with starvation, of starting up prostrate industry, of obtaining medicines and hospitals for millions of victims of disease, undernourishment and warfare; of supplying shelter for millions living in or under the ruined shells of burned and air-bombed houses, of transporting and finding homes for six million Poles (a quarter of the whole nation) coming in from foreign lands; of settling and cultivating new western territories amounting to two-fifths of the entire country —territories left vacant by the German exodus and devasted by war.

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All this had to be done in the face of a paralyzed transport system—railways stripped of freight cars by Hitler's armies, trucks vanished, motor-repair facilities and gasoline nonexistent, and with the added strain caused by the passage across Poland of millions upon millions of Russian soldiers and civilians. Intensifying the problem is the Nazi sweep of livestock from Poland and the Russian decision that livestock captured by the Red Army on German territories destined for Poland should be taken back to Russia to restock the devastated farms of the Ukraine and Byelorussia.

If one compares Poland's economic production with that of the prewar period, it appears that the coal industry has made an astonishing comeback, the effect of which is reduced by inability to move the coal. Heavy industries operate with rising efficiency, with their output limited first by lack of skilled labor and management, and then by the transport bottleneck. Agricultural production is terribly handicapped by the shortage of horses and cattle and lack of tractors to take their place in cultivation.

However, if one looks at Polish industry and agriculture in the light of the obstacles they face, the upturn in recent months is a remarkable achievement, credit for which belongs to government, industrial workers and peasants. The high morale of organized labor is one of the main factors in Poland's comeback. While the government has wrestled with the larger problems of transport and rehabilitation, factory workers have come together to repair and restore machinery in their old places of employment. They have consequently acquired a syndicalist attitude in addition to their socialism. When Minister of Industry Minc, a Communist, shows himself ready to deal with old factory owners and managers in order to get production going, the workers are likely to say to him: "Who repaired this factory? We did. We will operate it. Give us a manager from our own ranks."

Many such managers have been appointed, some good, some bad. The point is that there is a native Polish driving force for the socialization of industry wholly independent of Soviet Russia and free of Communist ideology or discipline. It is doubtful whether any government short of a right-wing dictatorship could check it.

THIS LEADS US to a virtually unnoticed feature of Poland's postwar development. The Government of National Unity, predominantly left-wing, is devoted to a slow-motion social revolution through which a full-fledged socialist state may develop in twenty or thirty years. The government, below the level of the ministers, has no social revolutionary cast whatever. It accepts the social and economic distinctions of the old Poland, which are those of the United States. If dock-workers at Gdynia and Gdansk are given extra payments to check the pilfering of imported goods, the thought is not primarily of lifting a fearfully sub-standard of living, but of doing the least that will correct the evil. Among the workers themselves, however, the feeling of social revolution is strong. It has run Polish labor unions up to a membership of more than 1,100,000, strongly and intelligently led, and actuated by a sense of national responsibility as well as a socialistic purpose.

The Polish government does not consist of Russian stooges, but of men of varying ability all devoted intensely to the welfare of Poland. By a strange anomaly, its most competent ministers are Communists (Gomulka and Minc being tops among them), while the Communist Party is weak and unpopular. Rating close to these men in general ability are the more conservative Ministers of Justice and Agriculture, but the latter, Vice Premier Mikolajczyk, leader of the Polish Peasant Party, is so absorbed in his efforts to gain the premiership that one seldom thinks of his ministry. The one conspicuously incompetent department is that of information and propaganda, which disgusts the people by its insistence that everything is better than it is and that all Russians are angels. Foreign Minister Rzymowski is a stubborn master of the art of doing and saying the wrong thing, but his department is competently run.

POLITICALLY, Poland is in the early stages of an election campaign in which Mikolajczyk, a complete opportunist, is trying to marshal all the anti-government and anti-Russian discontent in Poland and at the same time convince Joseph Stalin that he is Russia's best and most reliable friend. To understand his place in politics, picture a rotund Middle Western Republican banker running for President on a platform of farms for sharecroppers, while he receives and publicly rejects (but continues to receive) the support of the National Association of Manufacturers and all organizations of native fascists.

Polish Communists, trying to offset their own weakness but also sensing a danger for Poland if anti-Russianism and general discontent determine the election, are seeking to prolong the coalition without a clash of political parties in the first election. In my opinion they are right in their analysis but too extreme in their proposal, which is for a single slate of coalition candidates and an early election. Mikolajczyk desires a postponed election—about next November—and fully competitive tickets. The Socialists tend toward a compromise.

In my opinion there will be more democracy in Poland five years from now if the 1946 election falls somewhat short of a full-fledged American-style political contest. The trends in Poland are toward democracy. It is by no means certain that, unbacked by a heritage of democratic thought and processes, they can survive the shock of an election which makes political

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change hinge upon the disturbed thinking of a people still stunned by the devastation of war, emotionally upset by the presence of disliked foreign troops in the country, and subject to the whispering campaigns of well organized, foreign-financed fascist revolutionaries. I suspect that when the time comes for a final decision, Mr. Mikolajczyk, who is most intelligent as well as highly ambitious, will see this in the same light.

The United States and Great Britain can best serve Poland by helping to save the people of that country from the starvation, cold and disease which war and its aftermath have brought upon them. That, too, is the way to political stability through a peaceful democracy. We should beware lest this be killed by premature insistence upon its full and immediate consummation.

UNESCO

by George D. Stoddard

IN LONDON on November 16 the representatives of 43 nations signed the constitution of UNESCO—the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization. Upon acceptance by twenty of the signatory nations it will become a going concern, to be brought into formal relationship with the United Nations Organization.

The London Conference began its deliberations only on November 1, on the invitation of the United Kingdom and France; evidently some fast work was done. Moreover, the first few days were given over to general speeches and to reassurances that work on the formation of UNESCO in no sense precluded more speed and more realism with respect to the activities of UNRRA. The new agency will make it one of the first items of business to bring the needs of devastated countries to the attention of all persons, groups and nations that can ship food, medicine, clothing and fuel; it will try to add to this list books and other educational and scientific supplies. Its chief function, however, will be making surveys and collecting and disseminating information.

Much of the work of setting up the new organization had in fact already been done, over a period of eighteen months, through meetings of the Allied Ministers of Education, with the United States as an active participant. Such plans acquired a measure of official sanction at San Francisco. Thus Article 57 of the UNO Charter calls for:

> various specialized agencies, established by intergovernmental agreement and having wide international responsibilities, as defined in their basic instruments, in economic, social, cultural, educational, health and related fields.

Article 63 connects such agencies to the parent body of the United Nations:

> The Economic and Social Council may enter into agreements with any of the agencies referred to in article 57, defining the terms on which the agency concerned shall be brought into relationship with the United Nations.

Although she had accepted the provisions quoted above, Russia was conspicuously absent from the London conference. It was said that Russia preferred to have UNO itself take the initiative in forming such an agency—also that she was busy with other questions like Near Eastern affairs and the future of atomic energy. Perhaps it was just a case of the sulks. In any case, Russia was wanted and needed, and the door was left open for her subsequent entry on equal terms. For example, a place has been reserved for the USSR on the Executive Board of UNESCO'S General Conference.

The prime purpose of UNESCO is to make a contribution toward peace. Education, science and culture are to be bound together for a major demonstration of their power to reduce aggression and strengthen the peace-loving habits of men and nations. The preamble of UNESCO, to which Archibald MacLeish, chairman of the United States delegation, made a notable contribution, holds

> that since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that the defenses of peace must be constructed; that ignorance of each other's ways and lives has been a common cause, throughout the history of mankind, of that suspicion and mistrust between the peoples of the world through which their differences have all too often broken into war . . . that a peace based exclusively upon the political and economic arrangements of governments would not be a peace. . . .

Accordingly UNESCO, to be helpful, must promote common understanding, cultural exchange and genuine intellectual coöperation. It must not evolve into a closed society in which old men, over a polished table top, exchange recondite information on abstruse subjects. It must deal with such mundane matters as the education and guidance of children, adult education, the development of freedom for press, radio and

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motion picture; it must arrange for the actual exchange of books, materials, students and teachers. It must seek accurate and broadly based reports on cultural affairs. Above all it must rely on the power of informed public opinion.

This brings us to the controversial section 3 of article I:

> With a view to preserving the independence, integrity and fruitful diversity of the cultures and educational systems of the states, members of this Organization, the Organization is prohibited from intervening in matters which are essentially within their domestic jurisdiction.

Is this a ruinous restriction? Mr. W. C. Bagley, editor of *School and Society*, is worried about it. He writes:

> The words "essentially within" may be subject to interpretation; on the surface, however, they would seem to preclude any official recognition by the organization of the educational programs and policies of the member states, no matter how inconsistent with, or threatening to, the ideals that the United Nations have pledged themselves to enthrone.

On the other hand, Representative Chester E. Merrow of New Hampshire, a member of the United States delegation, declared in the House on November 26:

> The importance of the organization provided for by the constitution will grow in significance as time passes. I go so far as to predict that it will become one of the great foundation stones in the United Nations' structure. I thoroughly believe that it will aid immeasurably in preventing war.

Time—only a little time—will tell. We can, at least, ask the perhaps rhetorical but fundamental question, will a threat to peace ever again in this world be simply a matter of "domestic jurisdiction"?

There is within UNESCO no power of intervention, no military might. Nevertheless there is power—the power of light, of the free circulation of ideas; dictators may well fear it.

And now a few words about an implied restriction on intellectual freedom which plagued the delegates in London, but did not appear in the constitution or its accompanying papers.

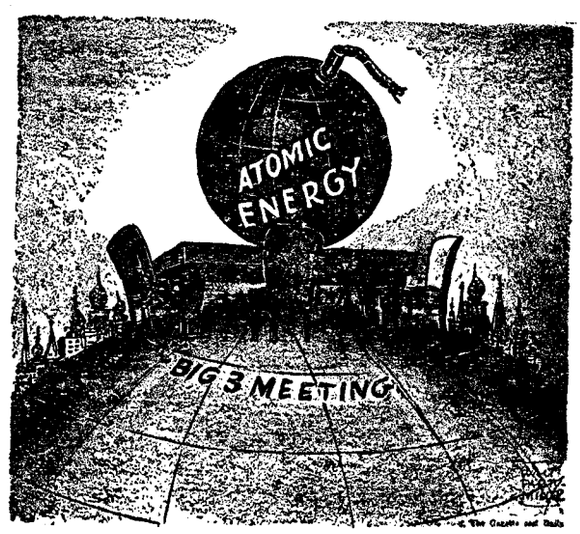
How much scientific freedom will there be with respect to the atomic bomb? Finally the answer was: *very little indeed within the framework of UNESCO, and then only by delegation from UNO*. But nuclear research is another matter, for it is related to abstract science and to technologies potentially helpful to engineering, medicine and agriculture. Not even UNO can hope to prevent the development and spread of new knowledge, whatever the field, but its Security Council can safeguard and perhaps even monopolize the construction and distribution of the most potent weapons.

Whether the field be education or science, or such aspects of culture as the fine arts, the decision regarding any restriction on the free exchange of ideas can scarcely be placed lower than a formal agreement in the United Nations.

UNESCO will include a General Conference, an Executive Board and a Secretariat; each member nation may send five delegates to the conference, and observers representing international organizations may be invited to attend meetings. Paris was chosen as the seat of UNESCO; it is understood that the first Director General shall not be French and that every attempt will be made to emphasize the completely international character of the new agency. There are no commitments whatever in regard to relations to the former League of Nations or to any of its committees. The place of meeting for the General Conference is to vary from year to year. Each member state is encouraged to form a national commission representative of the educational, scientific and cultural groups within the country. The plan is to guarantee to non-governmental groups, where they exist, an opportunity for leadership and authority.

At present the work of UNESCO is being carried on by a Preparatory Commission sitting in London. Upon its agenda will be found a study of the practical means of performing such functions as the following:

1. To get additional aid to liberated and devastated countries.
2. To restore libraries and the facilities of instruction and guidance.
3. To find and develop technical and professional personnel.
4. To survey educational and cultural needs at the request of various countries.
5. To provide for free speech and a free press, encouraging the so-called media of mass communication.
6. To consolidate the work of the numerous educational, scientific and cultural bodies already in existence.



Walt Partymiller in the York, Pa., Gazette and Daily

Now Maybe We'll Get Somewhere

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7. To provide for the education of adults.

8. To reduce the barriers that arise from differences in language.

9. To assist in developing and disseminating the arts.

Clearly t! ere will be plenty of work for the infant UNESCO—perhaps too much. When choices are made and programs undertaken, we shall get a measure of its size and worth. UNESCO cannot hope to survive in terms of the coverage of its title. What is left out is the P for Peace. As we put that in, bending every resource of mind and heart to the one great aim, its survival chances, and ours, should increase perceptibly.

Health Agencies at the Crossroads

by Philip S. Platt

THE AMERICAN voluntary health agency has grown to its present large proportions because of newly acquired scientific knowledge in an age that brought the comfortable accompaniments of wealth and leisure and good will toward the less fortunate. Today the 20,000 agencies that dot the land enlist the services of 300,000 board members and a million or more volunteers (exclusive of the Red Cross), and raise from the public well over $58 million annually. If the wartime Red Cross contributions were included, the 1945 total would exceed $273 million.

The growth of the voluntary health agency has been spontaneous, unregulated and uncoördinated. It has been a case of each specialized interest for itself. The various national organizations are dedicated to isolated combat with specific diseases. Yet the unity of man's health has been lost in the diversity of organizations, each with its individual message and its own fund-raising campaign. Unity of command at the headquarters level, unity of attack on the firing line, are needed.

In view of their spontaneous and undirected history, little was known until recently about the present status of these thousands of health agencies and their relationships with one another. Four years ago, in an attempt to see where this wide-flung and benevolent movement was heading, the National Health Council sponsored, and the Rockefeller Foundation financed, a study as to the extent and effectiveness of all the voluntary health work of the nation. The study involved field work and visits to more than 700 health agencies in 65 cities and 29 states.

The final report (*Voluntary Health Agencies: An Interpretive Study*, by Selskar M. Gunn and Philip S. Platt. New York: The Ronald Press. 364 pages. $3), which has just been published, has found a vast unevenness in the individual contribution of the various agencies. The best and the worst, the most effective and the weakest, may be found in the same town. Where organizations fall short in their adjustments to changing technical and economic conditions, the lag is generally due to the weakness of their executives and of their boards. Inadequacy of agency personnel is in part an economic matter; there are too many agencies that are too small and have insufficient funds to afford a competent executive. It is in part the reflection of a board that lacks vision as to the proper place and function of its agency and of the type of executive necessary to realize its goals. The result in any case is likely to be an agency that is either complacent or guided by exaggerated self-importance.

Duplication of actual services given to clients is infrequent, but duplication of machinery to do much the same general thing is found to be widespread. The worst examples are found in the multiplicity of public-health nursing services. What must be the ultimate was found in a medium-sized city which had thirteen organizations, public and private, providing visiting nurses. While at least two of the seven official agencies have since been liquidated, the existence of 31 nurses scattered over 13 organizations suggests a duplication of effort, a lack of supervision and an absence of community planning that is appalling. While this example is hardly typical, it *is* common to find two public and two voluntary agencies rendering nursing services in many cities. A similar duplication of effort is found in other fields also, especially in the work for the crippled.

While all voluntary health agencies began with the modesty that is appropriate to the efforts of unpaid amateurs, before long the need of money became apparent. But it was each agency for itself. At first the few generous donors were approached by each organization; the base of support was extremely narrow.

Today that picture has changed. Each of the principal fields of health activity has expanded and has collected its funds—often in small individual contributions—from a broad cross-section of our population. The public support given to each organization has, to put it mildly, varied. The 1945 total intake for the 15 lead-

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ing health agencies, including their national, state and local units, amounted to $58 million. But this total included the extremes of $30,000 raised by one agency and $16,500,000 by another. The impoverished and the wealthy compete for the same health dollar.

There is an amazing inequality in the money support which the various health fields receive from the American public. The armies of people suffering from mental diseases, heart disease, diabetes, venereal diseases, the hundreds of thousands with loss of hearing and sight, may be drawn up on one side of the ledger —the slim side. A trifling $2 million represents the voluntary "war chest" gathered throughout the country with which to attack these momentous problems. At the other extreme, $37 million is voluntarily contributed to combat the problems of crippled children, cancer, tuberculosis and poliomyelitis. The uninformed might be baffled at the inconsistency. Is not the answer to be found in the special money-raising techniques and highly organized salesmanship employed by the latter groups?

THE PARADOX, however, is that the very ailments responsible for the greatest number of deaths are for the most part the "have-nots" in funds available to fight the disease. Heart disease is at present the leading cause of mortality in the country, accounting in 1943 for some 426,000 deaths. Cancer is next, with 173,000 deaths; nephritis, with 99,000; pneumonia, with 72,000; tuberculosis, with 57,000; and poliomyelitis, with 1,151. Yet the attack on heart disease by research treatment and education is slight compared with that on tuberculosis, cancer and poliomyelitis. It is clear that there is no necessary connection between the amounts of money that any one of these organizations can raise for its work and the relative urgency of this particular program in the nation's health needs.

An even greater discrepancy appears when the amount of money contributed to each of these voluntary organizations is compared with the number of cases of the disease reported yearly. The figures speak for themselves: There is $94 available for treatment and research on each case of infantile paralysis with crippling after-effects; there is $22 for each case of tuberculosis; $8 for each case of cancer; five cents for each case of diabetes—and for the cardiac conditions, which cause the greatest number of deaths, three cents per case. The disparity between the activities required for meeting health needs and the financial support which the several national movements obtain from the public is as startling as it is significant.

There is little in such a situation to recommend it to the common sense of the man in the street. He will agree that the totals are out of balance. Yet he is getting tired of the never ending succession of appeals. And though his emotions and his pocketbook may be touched by a tuberculosis or sight-conservation appeal, he is learning that heart disease, cancer, diabetes and mental hygiene are the hazards that are "around the corner" for most of us. He will want his health dollar to work on these problems too. He has also become accustomed to joint fund-raising and joint budgeting. In the National War Fund he gave once, for the support of six USO organizations, fifteen war-stricken countries and five American war agencies. Why, he will ask, is not the same method practical in the health field?

The answer could thus lie in the combination of all voluntary health-agency appeals, national, state and local, into an annual National Health campaign conducted as the National War Fund is run, jointly with the community-chest campaigns. With a total goal based upon the budgeted needs of each health agency—few of which are now included in community chests—the public would know that its health dollar was being apportioned according to the urgency of each disease. The goal would be no greater than the present contribution of the public to the separate organizations. The money would be more widely and more wisely spent. The agencies concerned would concentrate on their professional tasks and leave their arduous and time-consuming fund-raising in the hands of a few experts working for all of them.

The soundness of such an approach appeals to the leaders of industry, to the men of large vision and to the statesmen of public health, who are used to concerted and long-time planning. It is endorsed by the undernourished agencies—the "have-nots"—but it is looked at askance by the "haves." Ultimately, the parties most concerned are the giving and receiving publics throughout the land. It is the giving public which must now decide how its dollars shall be collected and where they shall be spent. For the first time, a voluntary movement, respected and independent for more than half a century, has had the honesty to survey its present status and to revitalize itself for greater effectiveness.

Drawing by Mischa Richter, from This One's on Me *(Whittlesey House, $2.50)*

"Socialized medicine! Why, what would happen to individual initiative?"

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Washington Notes

Reuther v. GM

WALTER REUTHER *is talking.* He is presenting the case of strikers walking the picket line in Detroit as the new year begins, in zero weather. He is addressing the President's three-man fact-finding board, across the table from white-haired Charles E. Wilson, head of General Motors, while 50 reporters watch the scene with bated breath.

Reuther is 38, his salary $7,000. White-haired Wilson, flanked by respectable dignitaries of GM, is 65, his remuneration last year, in salary and bonuses, $459,000. General Motors has 426,000 stockholders. But they merely own the company. They have little to do with its management. Even provided they sympathized with Reuther's workers, which they probably don't, there is almost no way for them to intervene against the duPont minority, but controlling, interest.

The room is a government chamber, a green and gold affair with 40-foot ceilings; I laid my coat and hat on a gilt piano on my way in. At one end sits the three-man panel, ruddy-faced, balding chairman Lloyd K. Garrison; Milton Eisenhower, Kansas college president, a spectacled, strong-jawed younger version of his brother; bow-tied Judge Stacy, chief justice of the North Carolina Supreme Court, deep-voiced, reflective, head thrust forward in a peering look. They are the jury in this strange case.

Walter Reuther is talking. Your first impression is of youth. He has brownish-red hair, almost pitch-black eyes. His voice is high and loud, he is speaking easily and excitedly. His hands are in action . . . or else hooked into his vest pockets . . . or else thrust into his trousers. This is no lawyer working for a fee, his voice has fervor and emotion; his answers to panel questions are needle-sharp. "Our boys are walking the streets in zero weather," he is saying. "For they know that everything that's good and decent, somebody had to fight for." His eyes are narrow, like a plainsman's. He is self-confident, young and sure of himself, he is talking extemporaneously, without notes, he sounds like all the New Deal economists who helped Franklin Roosevelt in the past twelve years. And that is the point your mind finally fixes on. This is a new kind of strike, a new kind of leader.

Reuther is emphasizing again and again the concept that workers have got to have high pay to buy the goods they produce. In the midst of this strike he has set his ideological sights far and away beyond those of any past leader of a big labor group. The Communists oppose Reuther; he isn't their kind. Reuther took three years off and worked in Germany, Russia and the Orient. He came back more of a native product than ever, with a remarkable comprehension of domestic and world issues. What he is saying and what he implies is that this isn't a strike, it's a crusade; furthermore, whatever happens here—it's just a beginning. Something new has happened in the labor movement.

Walter Gordon Merritt rises to give GM's rejoinder. GM head Wilson, with his $459,000, doesn't trust himself to do the talking. He has brought down this New York attorney, specialist in labor cases. What a contrast! Walter Gordon Merritt is 65, old enough to be this whippersnapper's father. His voice is bland, suave, sensible. He wears a double-breasted black suit, might be a respectable undertaker, but he has taken care of that, too—there is a single splash of orange in his black tie. He belongs to the New York Harvard Club ('01); his experience with anti-union cases goes right back to the Danbury Hatters, that classic of injunctive repression. He is the very picture of rectitude, soundness, probity. His tone is carefully couched to contrast with Reuther's impetuosity; it is a quiet, conversational voice, better adapted to his immediate audience. He engages in a little courteous by-play about his young antagonist; he takes the three-man panel into his confidence; his voice is that of an indulgent parent talking to equals about some difficult neighborhood boy. He emphasizes the words "radical" and "revolutionary." And he tells the panel baldly that giant General Motors does not want the government messing around with its books; "If the fact-finding board rules otherwise," he says, "General Motors will withdraw from the proceedings. . . ."

Now, even as he is talking, President Truman calls his bluff. He tells the panel to go ahead; look into GM's data on prices and profits. Chairman Garrison reads the President's statement aloud as a messenger rushes it to him, and all the faces on labor's side break into grins. And GM decides not to withdraw—not for the time anyway. Not, perhaps, until it can think up some more good full-page advertisements for the newspapers. . . .

Well, folks, there you are. To me it was a pretty impressive performance. I have known Reuther before, but have never seen him in action like this. This present strike may make him, or break him, in the labor world. But I have an idea we are going to see a lot more of him, and young men of his type, in the next generation or two. And I had another queer feeling as I watched: the sense that here in the room something was being born, something pretty important was happening: that a man and a time were coming together, that an Idea was finding a Leader.

I think we shall look back after a year or two and say that it was some time in the past few months that Congress took the decision to have another inflation. It took it in a negative sense, by deciding to do nothing about it. Certainly the elements of inflation are infinitely greater now than after World War I, when the dollar's purchasing power dropped to 40 cents; and Congress is still knocking off controls. In the Christmas buying rush, for shoddy goods at outrageous prices, millions of Americans suddenly realized what is happening to their dollar. Perhaps for the first time some of them lost confidence in the government's ability to hold the line. The Senate helped it along when, just before recess, by a vote of 31 to 30 (with 35 Senators not voting), it beat the amendment to extend the President's war powers (including price stabilization) a year, and substituted a six-month deadline. And so all controls may end June 30 and another incentive be given for holding goods off the market until midsummer brings higher prices.

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It is the theory of democracy that when industrial strife occurs, the nation learns the facts, and makes its pressure felt against one side or the other. The only trouble is that big corporations like U. S. Steel or GM, with unlimited command of funds, engage in vast advertising campaigns as they are doing now. Under the old National Association of Broadcasters' Code, it is interesting to recall, advertising on controversial issues was excluded because, said the Code, "should time be sold . . . a powerful public forum would inevitably gravitate almost wholly into the hands of those with the greater means to buy it." There is danger of that happening now in the newspaper world.

President Truman tells friends he is unhappy about the way some of the ablest men are leaving his administration; a perfectly sincere but rather tardy discovery of the value of Roosevelt hold-overs.

Washington T. R. B.

Liquor Flicker

"THE LOST WEEKEND"—a good, freezing movie—covers very specialized subject matter and activity, a long weekend of destructive drinking done by a frustrated writer and dipsomaniac, Don Birnam (Ray Milland). The picture ends when he is saved from shooting himself in front of the bathroom mirror by his girl, who works for *Time*, Inc. It is the kind of movie in which everything seems to be dressed up to look better, which moves diagrammatically and with somewhat dull success, but it seems essentially honest and works up by generally conservative means into a powerful film.

The realism of "The Lost Weekend" is the dogged, broadminded kind the producers, Billy Wilder and Charles Brackett, always manage to overlay with a tinny brilliance. One of the most extreme examples of the latter is the characterization of Gloria (Doris Dowling), who is a hostess in Nat's Bar, where the hero—one of the least heroic of all Hollywood movie heroes—spends most of his time. Gloria is supposed to be dressed to catch a customer's eye, but actually she is dressed like nothing save possibly a chandelier—and especially so for the simple sort of life you get in a workingman's bar like Nat's. Gloria (a vital performer, though one who always seems about to go to pieces) has a phony poetic elegance, a literary manner similar to Birnam's and she is decorated with speech mannerisms and gestures bizarre enough to make almost anyone who happened to be in the bar spill most of his drink.

A more average indication of the showy style is in such a scene as that of Birnam leaving his apartment one morning to go to Nat's; as he comes out he is in a black ensemble that seems calculated to make a striking image against the white walls and white doors of the apartment. Then he is seen outside of the bar and again the image—looking out from the bar at him through piled-up chairs and tables—is the kind of stiff, contrived shot that was prevalent in Orson Welles's movies. The style gives a fake coloring to almost every inch of the movie; it throws melodramatic shadow effects implying a cage behind Birnam in the scene at night in the hospital, makes the noises of the delirious patients sound like those of maddened jungle animals, overspecializes details like the shadow cast by a bottle in the chandelier, drapes ornate mannerisms on characters—like Gloria's "No thanks, thanks, but no thanks," the hero's putting the wrong end of a cork-tipped cigarette into his mouth, and Nat's charades of suicide.

Probably the most successful moments occur when the movie is dealing with something really ornamental—the sequence from "La Traviata," satirizing its slow-motion grand manner and the unjustified happiness everywhere apparent on the stage. It has a dreamy, heavy kind of insanity like Goya's etching, up until the last moment when a discordant, surrealist shot tells you that the hero's mind is on a whiskey bottle in his overcoat, a fact that had been apparent for the previous ten minutes.

This is one of those rare movies in which a small action sometimes seems wonderfully colored by the character of the person and pervades not only the expression of his impulse, but his manner of carrying it out and his reaction to it. An instance of this is the preparation Birnam, like the artist in his surest moment of invention, goes through before a solitary night of drinking in his apartment, particularly his deciding to save time by not turning on the light, his feeling that he has done something brilliant in hiding the second bottle in the chandelier and the pleasure he takes in getting the bottle up there and getting down without breaking his neck, the professional way he takes off his coat. Some of Birnam's other maneuvers, though they are often too neat, unfold as elaborately as a perfect football play, recorded somehow by a cameraman who is never more than a yard away from the hero and always in a position to expose each of his moves in the most dramatic way.

Except for Milland, "The Lost Weekend" is cast with lesser known Hollywood people and extremely dull ones, though they are seemingly intended to be that way. The plush Hollywood stamp is apparent from the start, when you see Milland, a fluent, handsome, exhibitionistic person in a cramped, mousy building on New York's East Side. At best Milland looks as though he had been out of work and unable to create for about a week and had been on the East Side only as long as it took to film the movie, but he gives a strong impression of a number of other facts about Birnam, particularly his narcissism, gentility and lush romanticism (which operates only when he is degrading himself with someone he considers insignificant—Gloria, Nat, the girl in the night club, the landlady). Milland is a flamboyant player in a movie that is predominantly concerned with his every change of expression, and he succeeds in a spectacular way in making Birnam good entertainment. He is best in those moments when he is portraying Birnam as feeling good with himself or pleased with one of his maneuvers; in general he creates an agitated, actorish character rather than a tragic dipsomaniac. He misses the sorrow of the character, the sunken states—up to possibly the last scene; in his driven moments he seems simply athletic and he often looks as silly with a drink as he claims his brother does. One episode where the directing and acting have themselves a fling involves a male nurse (Frank Faylen) in a provocative, sneering act—one of the only inspired movie portraits of homosexuality I have ever seen. MANNY FARBER

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The Bandwagon

The notion that the British in India have had a privileged position in matters of trade is quite erroneous. The most that the 1935 Act did was to guard them against unfair discrimination, inequality of treatment or expropriation. They worked, that is to say, with an equality of opportunity with the Indian. Generally speaking they ask no more for the future. – *From "That Vexed Question of Equality," by Sir Alfred Watson, in* Great Britain and the East.

We spent hundreds of billions of dollars and the lives of hundreds of thousands of men defeating socialism abroad. Now more billions are being spent to reincarnate the same evil in this country. Such idiocy defies explanation. Hitler's last laugh must be echoing through the halls of Hades. – *Editorial in the* Daily Olympian, *Olympia, Washington.*

The Reynolds Spring Company in the fiscal year ended September 30 had a net profit of $280,079, or 94 cents a share. An operating deficit of $166,434 was more than offset by a tax refund of $401,210 for the prior two years, under the carry-back provision of the tax laws. – *From the* Wall Street Journal.

Our Expanding Democracy

A sort of "Jim Crow in reverse" situation has developed at Gastonia. The Excelsior Credit Union there is the biggest in the state from standpoint of capitalization. It was organized and has been operated by and for Negroes. A few weeks ago some white people asked permission to join and use the borrowing facilities, since there is no credit union for whites available. By-laws of the union had to be amended to admit whites. . . . As a result, it will be possible within a few days for white people in Gastonia to join the Negro credit union and borrow small sums on the same terms as other members. – *From a column by Lynn Nisbet, in the Winston-Salem (N. C.)* Twin City Sentinel.

Snafu

A squad of police, formed in a flying wedge, charged through a picket line at a strike-bound General Motors corporations plant here today, but no violence was reported. – *AP dispatch from Flint, Michigan.*

Birdwell, You've Overreached Yourself!

The author that the Fates were kind to
(a face, a figure, and a mind, too)
Wrote the book the critics dub a
real sensation. Huba! Huba!

– *Advertisement for* The Manatee, *by Nancy Bruff, in the* New Yorker.

"I hired Russell Birdwell to promote it [*The Manatee*]. . . . He promoted me as a kind of Kathleen Winsor, and this has turned a lot of the critics against me. . . ." – *Miss Bruff, quoted in the same issue of the* New Yorker.

Springs Eternal

Mr. Reuther [of the UAW, during wage negotiations with General Motors]: How do you set the price of a new model?

Mr. Du Brul [research economist of General Motors]: On the basis of hope. – *From the New York* Times.

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of the New Republic. *Please enclose the original clipping.* – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

From a GI in China

SIR: I am a veteran recently returned from overseas, and I have tried to put down in the following poem my feelings about the things that are going on in China. I think that this expresses the feelings of many of the GI's still there.

Columbia, S. C. PAUL B. NEWMAN

STAR OF CHINA

(To a deserter from Chiang Kai-shek)

I was forced to leave, swept onwards by the winds of war,
roped with five others I knelt upon fields of
battle as in prayer to learn the art to kill.
And in my prayers to war I sometimes dully
saw there was a star of China.

One by one, they went forth,
my sons, my seeds, my children, and
lastly I the father roped upon my burnt
fields and led away leaving to my women bitterly
only starvation as my legacy. They were weeping as I left.

Now seeds of bitterness I have eaten nor have they passed
through me wholly, no, I have consumed fighting with
the Eighty-eighth Division before Shanghai the
bitterness coursing through my blood and
I could have died there not unknowingly.
I could see it sometimes then through
smoke though never clearly. Not in the singing
of the song Chih-lai, but when upon mud flats we met
them for the first time without artillery and we stood
there evenly, with others behind us, shouting, "Kill, Kill!"

Now that I have fought and lived through all the eight
years, come undrowned from the pit of overwhelming
despair, now that my sons are scattered and my
women dead, I feel in my guts this one
thing I have learned:

I am a farmer, I have trusted in
benevolence and it has brought me blood
in the mouth and saliva in my face. They who
have taught me to kill have forgotten this, that
there is that use in me beyond killing and blood-lust.

I cannot understand this and it is too late to be mistaken,
for I have seen the star and they err when they
think I did not realize the hope it stood for.
I am a farmer, only this, not a beast to kill
without hate and eat its brother's flesh.

Perhaps they who roped my wrists
did not think I would remember or that
I would be killed or in any case forget, seeing
that it was theirs and not for me. Now you who
hand me American guns and impress me to kill Chinese,

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seeking to still me in my ignorance with new instruction, I
say I have learned enough: I have seen this thing, cloud
or star. It is bright and not the color of urine.
I will take this gun and go where it burns
red as the color of blood.

The Harvard Report and John Dewey

SIR: The Harvard report, *General Education in a Free Society*, published in mid-summer of 1945, is currently the "must" in the educational reading for teachers. However, it would be most profitable if another book, written 30 years ago under another title, but dealing with the same problem, were read concurrently with the Harvard book. I refer to John Dewey's *Democracy and Education*. How shocking it is to find upon reading both books that 30 years have made no difference in the nature of our educational difficulties!

New York City MARTIN WOLFSON

Individuals Can Help

SIR: May I express my very great appreciation of your editorial on the world food crisis in the December 10 issue? It is a masterly and courageous analysis. If you have recommendations as to ways in which individuals might help, I would be very glad to learn of them either in your columns or by letter.

(REV.) JOHN E. KEATING

St. Ambrose College, Davenport, Ia.

[We suggest that the Reverend Keating and other interested persons join "Food for Freedom," 1707 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., of which Mrs. Dwight Morrow is president and Mr. Harold Weston is director. "Food for Freedom" coöperates with 125 national and local relief organizations. It has done an outstanding job of informing the public on the world's relief needs and of supporting UNRRA appropriations in Congress. – THE EDITORS]

"Latin American Tinderbox"

SIR: My warmest congratulations on your editorial, "Latin American Tinderbox," in the November 12 issue. It denotes a real grasp of the situation—a gratifying change after all the dribble one has to read or listen to. Your readers should be grateful for your lucid presentation.

Three years' residence in Latin America plus several trips, of which two were as official United States delegate to the Inter-American Conference, convince me of the rightness of your stand. I like especially what you say about the liquidation of caudillismo and "seeing behind every coup the tentacles of fascist conspiracy."

MRS. BURTON W. MUSSER, Chairman, Utah Division,
Women's Action Committee for Lasting Peace

Salt Lake City, Utah

Race Hate Overseas

SIR: Possibly you will want to use some part of this enclosed letter from a former student of mine who is now in the Philippines.

New York City ATWOOD H. TOWNSEND

[ENCLOSURE]

I'd say the Philippine situation is very mixed up. To appreciate and understand it fully, you'd have to be a part of it. . . . The town of San Francisco right now is one of the hotbeds of hate.

The town has one main street. Lining both sides are ramshackle buildings made of native lumber or bamboo. The road is muddy and full of holes. Along this street there are two places of interest. One is the "Philbar." It has an assortment of tables made from 80-mm. mortar cases. It has an assortment of waitresses and rotgut whiskey. It was in this place four nights ago that three Negroes were shot to death. The only offense they committed was entering the place.

About 200 yards further down the street is the San Francisco bar. That place has a record of five deaths to its credit. The Filipinos in this town hate the Negro. This is due mainly to the hate campaign directed against the Negro by the white soldiers. . . .

The Filipino is treated almost as badly. When he is useful to the GI, he is a friend. The majority of the whites look down on him, although he fought side by side with the GI's. He is still "just a light nigger." . . . All these different races and the mixtures of them are continually at each other's throats. Racial hatred grows all the time.

What worries me is the result in the United States. Over here the hate is openly shown. When these boys go home, this hate is suppressed. I'm afraid it will be just like a balloon that has too much air and blows up. One of these days it will open up and those riots before will seem like a picnic. . . . If trouble is to be averted something will have to be done, and soon.

G. A. J.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Alexander Stern of Brooklyn disagrees with Bernard Jaffe's review of *Science and the Planned State*, by John R. Baker (the *New Republic*, November 26). Mr. Stern feels that government control of science represents a real menace and points out that during the war our government choked off freedom of research in pure science. While the use of group research techniques may be valuable in practical exploitation of basic discoveries, Dr. Stern contends that the discoveries in pure science which underlie radar and the atomic bomb could not have been made under a system of governmental control. "A society is neither free nor civilized when the creative spirits of that society, be they men of science or men of art, are compelled to justify themselves as servants of the people, or of the state, or of industry," he writes.

Florence L. C. Kitchelt, whose letter on behalf of the equal-rights amendment appeared in the *New Republic*, December 17, 1945, writes to tell us that this amendment has now been reported favorably by the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives and by a subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee. Mrs. Kitchelt says that since the wording of the amendment was changed to read, "equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged because of sex," it has been endorsed by many individuals previously opposed. She omitted from her earlier letter, for reasons of space, the names of a number of organizations which approve the amendment in its present form.

Elmer Gertz, Suite 1307, 221 North LaSalle Street, Chicago 1, is working on a biography of Charles A. Dana and would appreciate any source material our readers might have, correspondence and the published or unpublished recollections of those who worked with him.

The Washington letter of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union notes that the campaign to have the Farm Security Administration sell the Delmo Labor Homes to the residents—Missouri farmers—for which the *New Republic* Mailbag published an appeal, has been successful.

New Republic readers may be interested in subscribing to the *United Nations News*, a monthly publication devoted to "news and reports about the meetings of the UNO, its functional agencies and other international organizations." Non-partisan, its aim is "to meet the need for information . . . about the many international organizations in which . . . Americans have assumed responsibility." It is published by the Woodrow Wilson Foundation, 45 East Sixty-fifth Street, New York 21.

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Books in Review

Nineteenth-Century Lives

TERESA,[1] by Austin K. Gray, opens with the following paragraph:

> This is the *story*, not the *biography*, of Teresa, by birth Gamba-Ghiselli, by her first marriage Countess Guiccoli and known to history as the last and most persistent *inamorata* of Byron. As a wise critic has said, women do not lend themselves to institutional biography—not even Queen Victoria, or Cleopatra, or that engaging spinster Jane Austen. We want to know more about them than that.

The tone is revealing. It has all the forced naughtiness of a stag party. The dubious distinction between *story* and *biography*, the patronizing jocularity of "known to history," the elephantine wit of "persistent *inamorata*," the frivolous juxtaposition of Queen Victoria, Cleopatra and Jane Austen, the sophomoric description of the great novelist as "that engaging spinster," the leering avowal "we want to know more"—these things tell us a good deal about the kind of writing known as fictional biography.

Not that Mr. Gray is the most plausible exponent of the genre. Mark Aldanov is much more knowing. And he is economical too. He can get more "fictional" effects into a single page than Mr. Gray usually gets into twenty. Like Mr. Gray, Mr. Aldanov casts his leading actor, Lord Byron, in a secondary role. But, whereas Mr. Gray's admirers probably wish he had written Byron's life while he was about it—even at the cost of omitting Teresa's—Mr. Aldanov, a craftsman, knows all the strategic advantages of coming at Byron obliquely. *For Thee the Best*[2] is an entertaining book, and probably more edifying than parlor games.

If fictional biographers were never more ambitious than Mr. Gray and Mr. Aldanov we would not need to take them very seriously. But at least one of their number has much higher aims to her credit than Mr. Gray and much more substantial achievements than Mr. Aldanov. I am thinking of Miss Frances Winwar. Reviewers of some of her books have challenged Miss Winwar's scholarship; but, I believe, she has always succeeded in vindicating herself. I have the impression that Miss Winwar has more knowledge of the nineteenth century—in her head, I mean, not in a filing cabinet—than most scholars in the field. She has chronicled the careers of Coleridge, the Wordsworths, Byron, Shelley, Keats, the Rossettis and their circle, Oscar Wilde and the esthetes. Not long ago she was telling the story of *Walt Whitman and His Times* and now here she is with *The Life of the Heart: George Sand and Her Times* (Harpers, $3). Miss Winwar is not only abreast of many scholars in erudition; she is ahead of them in her ardent interest and in her unacademic assumption that history means something.

[1] Teresa, or Her Demon Lover, by Austin K. Gray. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 385 pages. $3.50.

[2] For Thee the Best, by Mark Aldanov. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 215 pages. $2.50.

Why resent the fact that Miss Winwar's heart is in the right place? If she has her shortcomings—and I think she has—they are not necessarily to be attributed to ignorance or feminine gush. They are the shortcomings of a method. They are the shortcomings of all fictional biography. One admirer of *The Life of the Heart* writes: "I've lived every instant of that exciting epoch which Frances Winwar recreates. . . . And I've lived it with a George Sand so much alive that now I feel as though I'd actually met her and known her intimately and that I hate to part with her at the end of the book." This is a typical response to such books. It is probably the response which fictional biographers aim at. And what is it but the standard response to commercial art generally—to the movies and the pulps? To live through adventures—so often sexual adventures painted in rich, unsubtle colors—this is the experience of all *kitsch*. The question then arises: if one wants *kitsch*, why go to biographies for it? A full answer to this question would be complex; it would sound like something out of Kenneth Burke. But the main item in the answer is a simple one. It is that biography—confused, shapeless and anti-climactic as its plots so often are—is *true*. After reading a *kitsch* novel the reader returns to earth with a bump, with a feeling, moreover, of having been swindled by a parcel of lies. But the reader of a *kitsch* biography says to herself: If George Sand could get a lovely man into her bed so quickly, why couldn't I?

Miss Winwar's biographies are perhaps the only *kitsch* that has ever been so scholarly, but—by and large—they are *kitsch*. Without altering a single fact in the historical record, she contrives to fill her historical mold with the emotions, the human content, of fiction. And she seems to have concluded that, if good fiction should be truer than the truth, good biography should be more fictitious than fiction; for the kind of fiction she emulates is not the most realistic kind but the most popular, the most false kind. "A biography that is as good as a novel"? Perhaps. But how good are most novels? How good are even the best fictional biographies if we accept them and judge them as novels? Not very good. And, meanwhile, such a pother of panting adventure is set going, so strong an identification of the reader with the protagonist is established, that critical biography—whose aim is a correct interpretation of a man's life—is impossible. Identification and suspense have given us nothing but illusion and dream.

J. H. Buckley's study of W. E. Henley[1] brings us out of the twilight region of fictional biography into the broad daylight of critical discourse. Mr. Buckley has written a readable, lucid, sober and useful account of a minor writer whom we had probably never seen before except in the shadow of greater men. Unlike the fictional biographers Mr. Buckley realizes that writing is a large part of a writer's life and that a book may be as interesting a product as a bastard. So far, so good. Unfortunately Mr. Buckley

[1] William Ernest Henley, by J. H. Buckley. Princeton: The Princeton University Press. 234 pages. $2.75.

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goes on to claim too much for Henley—a claim that one might pardon if it were not evidently based on very dubious assumptions. For instance: the genetic fallacy. Admitting that "Invictus" does not by itself make a good impression, Mr. Buckley tries to make it into a good poem by demonstrating that the ideas in it have a history. (Ironically enough, this history forms in its own right one of the most interesting passages in the book.) A more pervasive assumption than the genetic fallacy is a literary prejudice that rather closely resembles the opinions of Oliver Allston. Mr. Buckley seems not to like modern taste in poetry. He prefers the "wholesome" and "virile." Consequently the villain of his period—the nineties—is Oscar Wilde, who stands for "decadence." Henley's alleged greatness consists in the fact that he fought this "decadence." Unhappily Mr. Buckley produces no evidence that Henley ever wrote anything half as good as *Intentions* or *The Importance of Being Earnest.* And his precedent for suggesting that Henley is an important poet is a statement to that effect by—Alfred Noyes!

The weakness of a thesis-ridden book may be chiefly that the thesis is not a very good thesis. So it is with Mr. Buckley's study. Or such a book may fail because its thesis, defensible enough in itself, is weakly defended. So it is with John Moody's *John Henry Newman.*[1] A fellow convert to Catholicism, Mr. Moody does little more than repeat Newman's story and congratulate Newman on his final plunge. Mr. Moody's view of life is so other-worldly ("he has been in business on Wall Street," says the jacket, "since his twenty-second year") that his account of this world and its doings is rather jejune. ("The term 'liberal'," writes Mr. Moody, "in our day . . . is used, in a broad sense, to denote all sorts of 'progressive' or loose political or economic views. . . .") The case for Newman is much more persuasively put by the Episcopalian Charles F. Harrold than by the Catholic Mr. Moody—not so much because Mr. Harrold is "more royalist than the king" as because of his sheer competence as a scholar, his suavity as a writer and his wariness as a thinker. In short, his *John Henry Newman*[2] is a good book, the fruit of labor, learning, talent and concern. With this study we come to the three first-rate biographies in my assignment—the other two being *The Trollopes,* by Lucy and Richard Stebbins,[3] and *Portrait of Shelley,* by Newman Ivey White.[4]

I have not the space to detail the excellencies of these books, each of which is the best brief account of its subject to date. If I were to qualify my praise I would say of *The Trollopes* that its concentration on the family chronicle is for my taste all too complete—Michael Sadleir's *Trollope: A Commentary* (1927) benefited enormously from an introductory essay on Trollope's times. If Mr. White's *Portrait of Shelley*—a shorter and more appealing version of the monumental life—has any deficiencies, they are mainly listed in R. M. Smith's *The Shelley Legend,*[5] which might be described as a cautionary appendix to Mr. White's work. Only a scholar far more expert in this field than I could decide who is right in matters where Mr. White and Mr. Smith conflict. I can only report Mr. Smith's discovery that certain letters used in good faith by Mr. White are forgeries. Mr. Smith's discoveries and deductions make Shelley much less respectable and much more a Godwinian free-lover.

Of all nine books in the pile, Mr. Harrold's is the one that so far has made the deepest impression on me. It suffers, however, from academicism in the form of a reluctance to pursue an argument to its conclusion, an apparent assumption that it would be presumptuous to work out one's own view of a matter. Had Mr. Harrold from time to time given rein to his own thoughts he would incidentally have eliminated the only obstacle to reading his book: that his facts are marshaled in too closely serried ranks. Some readers may be so overwhelmed by the mass of information as to miss the fine pages of historical writing concerning not only Newman himself but the spirit of the age, the concept of the gentleman, Victorian sermons, the Victorian reading public and a dozen other topics. Yet, though Mr. Harrold does not himself claim that his book is a biography at all (he calls it a "study"), it ranks with such contemporary models of biographical and critical history as Emery Neff's *Carlyle and Mill* and Lionel Trilling's *Matthew Arnold.*

Few general conclusions can be drawn from so diverse a group of books as the nine reviewed here. But if we were to compare them with a similar group of twenty years ago there might, I believe, be two marked differences. In the first place the standard of scholarship is now higher. Lytton Strachey's doctrine that the biographer should only lower "a little bucket" into "the ocean of material"—which in practice meant that the biographer need not be well informed—has been thoroughly discredited. Strachey said that if you lowered your bucket you would bring up "some characteristic specimen"—he evidently had never lowered a bucket and brought up an old boot. Yet that is precisely what the clever biographies of the twenties did: they ignored the ocean and fished up old boots. Biography became an art for smart Alecs. Today the biography of the smart Alecs survives only in the sentimentalized form of fictional biography. This, of course, may be worse than pure Stracheyism, which was partly redeemed by wit and urbanity. But then fictional biography is an overtly vulgar genre. Our best class of biographies—in which I have placed three of my nine books—is sounder than the Stracheyan school which attracted the best talents of the last generation. And even the fictional biographers know their stuff.

The second way in which the newer biographies in this field differ from the older is in their picture of the nineteenth century. Strachey and Company were very cocky—God knows what they had to be cocky about, God knows what they thought the twentieth century had to boast of. Having seen this century make a mess of things for nearly five decades, we are today not so hard on our grandparents. There is even a danger that we shall soon idealize the nineteenth century as we have already idealized the eighteenth (and every earlier age). Be that as it may, we are

[1] John Henry Newman, by John Moody. New York: Sheed and Ward. 353 pages. $3.75.

[2] John Henry Newman, by Charles F. Harrold. New York: Longmans, Green. 472 pages. $3.50.

[3] The Trollopes, by Lucy P. Stebbins and Richard P. Stebbins. New York: The Columbia University Press. 394 pages. $4.

[4] Portrait of Shelley, by Newman Ivey White. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 482 pages. $4.

[5] The Shelley Legend, by R. M. Smith and Others. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 343 pages. $5.

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certainly discovering the Victorians. Read the Stebbinses—or Mr. Harrold—and you will find their people much larger, much more amply human, than, say, Lytton Strachey, the Eminent Edwardian. ERIC BENTLEY

Tovey's Beethoven

Beethoven, by Donald Francis Tovey. New York: The Oxford University Press. 138 pages. $3.

BEFORE he reached the end of his book on Beethoven, Tovey, for some reason, went back to the beginning and started to polish the prose. When he died, the typescript of the dictated work was found with its end dwindling off where he had just barely started his discussion of fugues, and with only the very early part of the book in a final form. Hubert Foss and his associates acted in the line of duty in bringing out this last of Tovey's great works of musicography as it stands, save for a minimum of emendations. But a word of warning may be in order for people who do not read prefaces. Tovey, had he finished his revision, would doubtless have pointed up his discussions, and he would have elucidated his musical references and his chart of key relations (if only to tell his uninformed reader, for example, that the small Roman numerals in the latter refer to minor keys, which the editors neglected to do).

Tovey was a superb conversationalist. Even if some of the judgments and phraseology of this book are not reconsidered ones, it has its advantages in grasping the warm informality of a man who moved leisurely and, in turn, passionately through the realm of essential musical ideas, and made so much effort, even at the risk of being verbose in his metaphors, to convey his very keen experience to non-professional musicians. What we carry away from this book in its present state is a sharpened attitude toward music more than any special view of Beethoven's art. It is a kind of expatiation on non-academic principles of harmony, rhythm, "art-forms" as applied to direct hearing and with Beethoven as an illustration. The choice of this composer for such an approach is itself indicative of Tovey's perception of his subject. "Beethoven," he remarks halfway through the book, "is, of all composers, the one from whom it is easiest to learn a sense of form and proportion." Now I do not think this assertion is meant to deny Mozart's greater perfection. Mozart, as Irving Babbitt once remarked, "obeyed rules spontaneously." In the nineteenth century, on the other hand, composers began to be conscious and deliberate about form (this attitude, after Beethoven, brought on a disintegration). Beethoven's awareness of the devices of Mozart and Haydn resulted in his expansion of them, and, like objects under a magnifying glass, they could thus be more easily apprehended by a listener. Also, as Tovey recognizes, Mozart and Haydn used the language of comedy, which involves irony, and thus their music is that much more difficult to describe.

What he lacked of a Mozartean subtlety of rhythm and phrase, Beethoven made up in the "enormously larger range" of his "dramatic and harmonic expression. . . Doubtless, to many readers and especially to many musicians," Tovey also points out, "the statement that Beethoven is thus a more emotional artist than, say, Wagner will seem a willful paradox. . . ." This observation, I believe may be directly related to the formal disintegration I have referred to. Some composers after Beethoven, being more deliberate in formal matters, elevated principles of unity into formulas productive of results that were, instead, "unitary"—for example the recurrence and interrelation of *leit-motif* in the "Ring." But Beethoven never lost sight of the dramatic element of form; he knew that the force of any emotion obviously depends on the way in which it is unified with and set in relief against other emotions.

There are enough readers (or readers with friends) who can fall back on the abortive musical training of their childhood to help them get through the pages of Tovey's book. They may find it difficult going, but they are the ones he wanted to reach, rather than the indoctrinated whom he constantly berates. Occasionally where he denies something as vigorously as the pedants affirm it, he falls into their error. Thus to insist that what they call a modulation is not one at all, is like marking off up from down with a fixed line where no plane is previously given. Along each musical dimension qualities are apprehended in a continuum, but grammarians, creating easier mnemonic tags omit the "more than" or "less than." As a way to combat this ineptitude there is a trend toward anti-intellectualism on the part of our best musical expositors. I think, however there is more to be gained from learning that what has hitherto been held as irrefragable grammatical truth is merely half-truth, than from starting over again *ex-nihilo*. The grammarians have clipped a qualifying phrase from their positive statements. But Tovey does not rectify matters any by substituting his unqualified negation. Modulation between keys is not mysterious. For example, you

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are seated in a train which stops at town A on the way to your destination, B. Now it is incorrect to say, as Tovey does of modulation, that you are at no time in town A. He is similarly uncompromising in denying "relative minor," and here, too, the innocents, as well as some with technical knowledge, will be so fascinated by his manner of debunking that they will agree uncritically. But it is easy to be sensational with the language of abuse, and when this is used so brilliantly as Tovey uses it we must be doubly on our guard.

ARTHUR BERGER

Brothers' Keepers

Focus, by Arthur Miller. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 217 pages. $2.50.

FOCUS begins, startlingly enough, with the hero, a Mr. Newman, roused from an enigmatic dream of a deserted carnival by screams in the street. Rushing to the window he sees a woman struggling with a drunken assailant. They sway together. The man cuffs her and she cries, "Police!" No one goes out to her. Mr. Newman creeps back to bed and his neighbors presumably do likewise. Because the woman's look and accent are foreign, Mr. Newman believes her to be a street-walker. To him she is one of the millions of alien souls in the city who take their chances and come out as well as they can. What they do and what is done to them is no business of his. He keeps clear of their disordered, strange lives. The cries end, and Mr. Newman listens to milder night noises until he drops off to sleep.

But it is said to us that we are our brothers' keepers and that each one is responsible for all, and soon Mr. Newman is to learn that it is not permitted to keep clear. He is a dull sort of man, Mr. Newman, finicking and spinsterish. He waters his lawn nightly in hot weather, and diligently clears the litter from his sidewalks in the morning; every Sunday he polishes his car. He is not all tame, however. He has hidden springs of life. He responds to the manly companionship of his neighbor Fred, a Christian Fronter, to the brutal, brief poems of obscenity and hate chalked on the subway pillars, and to soft arms, deep bosoms and feminine odors. He is, and has been for many years, in the personnel division of a great corporation where he is distinguished for his ability to detect and get rid of Jewish—and therefore undesirable—applicants. On his block, he gives support to a movement to boycott Mr. Finkelstein, owner of a corner newsstand. Of this he is a little ashamed, but not consciously, and his shame is outweighed by the satisfaction of acting together with his neighbors.

A small change in Mr. Newman's appearance causes a revolution in his life. He needs glasses. That is symbolically appropriate. His eyes were open and he saw not. But now his superior in the office orders him to buy glasses, and Mr. Newman is forced to see. Without glasses he looks tolerably like a Gentile; with them he looks like a Jew, and in consequence people begin to treat him as though he were one. He is removed from the front office, where his appearance is considered undesirable by the firm, and is assigned to a remote corner to do clerical work. Furious at this injustice, he quits. And then he is jobless for a long while. He is snarled and jeered at in public places, put off with evasions in offices where he applies for work, and on his block soon

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finds himself in Mr. Finkelstein's predicament. He tries to escape it, but fails; the gift of glasses is not to be refused; and eventually he accepts his identification as a Jew as the course of wisdom and justice and attains to the dignity of a brother's keeper.

Thus he is transformed, and as his transformation is a desirable one, it would be splendid to believe it. But the whole thing is thrust on him. He is too docile; he does not resist enough for a man whose specialty is turning away Jews and who thrills to the messages of hate scrawled in the subway. He would be far more apt to carry his baptismal certificate around to the neighbors as proof that he was not a Jew than to become suddenly resolute before the mad face of injustice. No, Mr. Newman's heroism has been clipped to his lapel like a delegate's badge at a liberal convention.

If only he had had more substance to begin with. But he is so bare—hardly conscious. He is put before us realistically as an average lower-middle-class individual, cut to a pattern made familiar by writers like Ring Lardner and James T. Farrell. Anxiety and dread press upon him and move him. The dream of the deserted carnival is a metaphor of the dumb, blank, unpeopled, fearful circuit of his daily existence. Realistically, such a person is not very likely to discover the brotherhood of man. He is not conscious enough. He may do the moral thing, but spontaneously, never analytically.

But Mr. Newman is something besides the lower-middle-class individual. He is also Man—and a citizen, the sovereign of the democratic state. Since the war a great many attempts have been made, from motives of patriotism and loyalty to democratic ideals, to dignify this democratic sovereign. Perhaps he has been misinterpreted and misunderstood and wronged. But Mr. Miller has not remedied the wrong.

SAUL BELLOW

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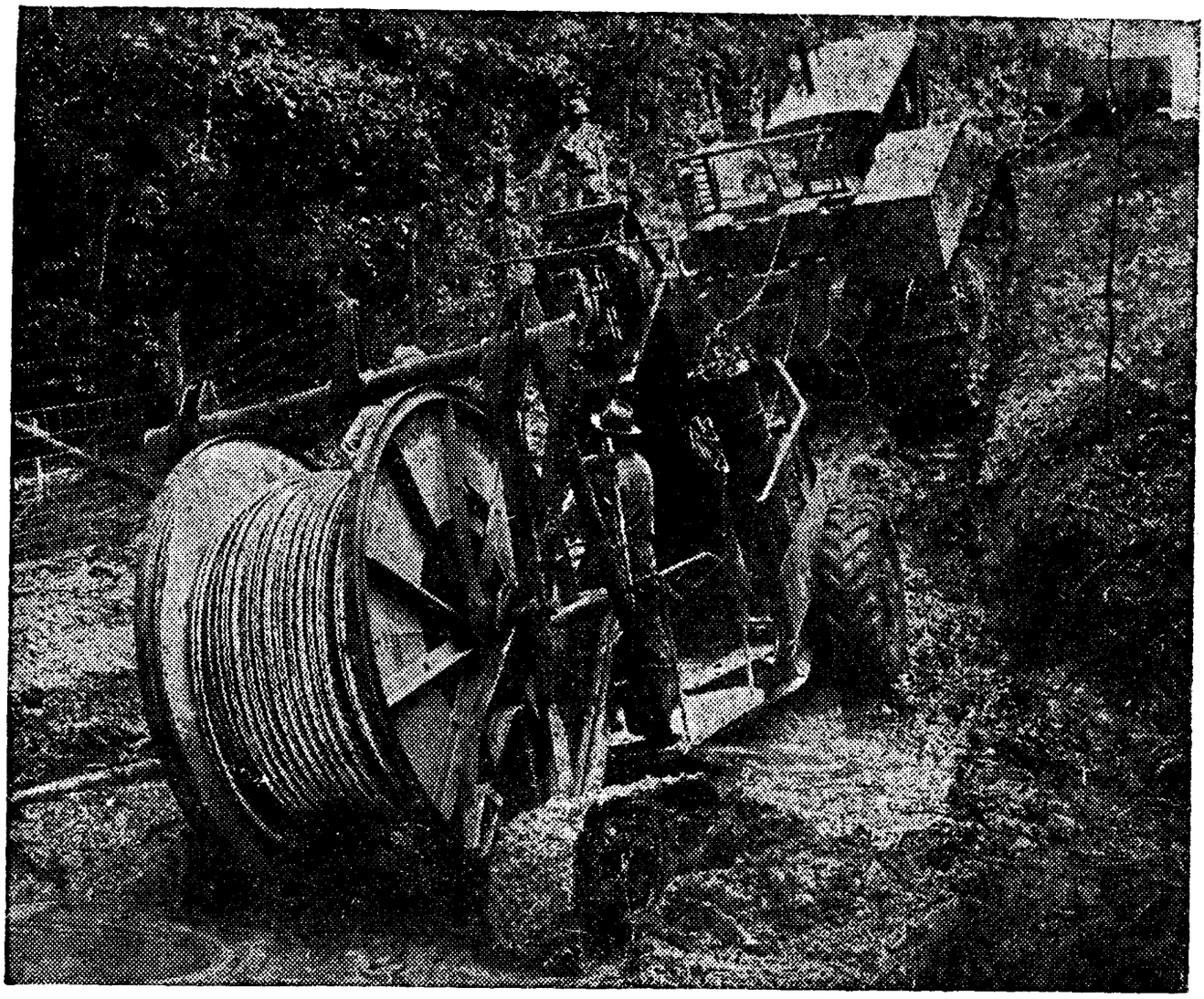

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